The Outlook

December 19, 1923

olicies and Politics

F President Coolidge's first Message to Congress we give a summary with our comment on ıother page.

The greatest applause which occurred ıring the reading of the Message before ıe two houses of Congress in joint ses- on followed the President's statement ıat he did not favor the cancellation of ıe debts due us from European coun- ies. But almost equal to it, in the ɔinion of one of the most experienced f Washington correspondents, Mark ullivan, was that which followed the atement approving without qualifica- on Secretary Mellon's proposal for tax duction. On those two points the re- ɔonse of Congress was an accurate indi- ɜtion of the response of the country.

The delivery of this Message, which nder ordinary circumstances would have ccurred on Tuesday, the day following ıe assembling of Congress, was post- ɔned until Thursday because of the elay in organizing the House of Repre- ɔntatives. A minority of the Republi- ans in the House, comparatively small, ut large enough to hold the balance of ɔower, refused to give the needed major- ɣ vote to Speaker Gillett until they eceived the assurances they demanded f the leaders in the House. The sug- estion that they were holding out in rder to get committee places was indig- ıantly denied. They had made a de- ıand to change the rules of the House. When Mr. Longworth, the spokesman ıf the majority of Republicans and Republican floor leader, assured the nsurgents that there would be a con- ideration of the change in the rules, n agreement was reached by which he rules of the last House would govern he proceedings for thirty days. When inally the agreement was reached, Mr. Gillett was chosen Speaker and tributes vere made by Republicans to Mr. Gar- ett, the Democratic leader, by Demo- rats to Mr. Gillett, the Speaker, and by he Republican insurgents to the fairness ınd good sense of Mr. Longworth.

On Monday following the President's Message the statement was published by Mr. Frank W. Stearns, for many years a friend and supporter of Mr. Coolidge, announcing, in reply to a question, the organization of the supporters of Mr. Coolidge's candidacy under the guidance of Mr. William M. Butler, of Massachusetts.

The result of the rather complicated process of making Presidential nominations in South Dakota indicates so far that President Coolidge has a strong lead there over Senator Hiram Johnson, of California, for the Republican nomination, and that Mr. McAdoo has an overwhelming lead over Mr. Ford for the Democratic nomination.

On Monday of last week President Coolidge inaugurated what is known as Harding Memorial Week, by an address over the radio paying tribute to President Harding's character and services. Thus twice within a week the President's voice, silent from the time of his taking office until the first week in December, was heard by many hundreds of thousands. Calvin Coolidge has emerged from what almost seemed like retirement into a position of recognized leadership. Not the least dramatic element in the events of the first ten days of December is the fact that the man in the White House, whose greatest distinction has been his reticence, is now probably known by the sound of his voice to more people than any one else in the world.

A Great Railway Builder

SIR WILLIAM MACKENZIE, who died in Toronto on December 5, was one of the far-seeing men to whom this continent is indebted for the great railways which now traverse it from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Just as Strathcona and Macdonald planned and carried out the gigantic undertaking which gave Canada its Canadian Pacific Railway, so William Mackenzie and Donald Mann are to be credited with bringing into being the Canadian Northern Railway, Mackenzie having already taken a considerable part in driving the Canadian Pacific road through the Rockies. It may be added that all four of these great Canadian builders received titles as a recognition of the value of their work.

Mackenzie was emphatically a self-made man. He began his life-work as a school-teacher in a country town; long before he ended it he was able, to quote a Canadian despatch, to dominate a transcontinental railway and interocean steamship lines, with holdings in traction, light, power, insurance, and financial concerns in Canada, the United States, and South America.

Many of our readers will recall an article in The Outlook of January 3 last, by Mr. D. M. Le Bourdais, which gave an account of the organization of the vast Government-owned and Government-managed Canadian National Railways, which includes almost all of the Canadian railway system, with the exception of the Canadian Pacific. In the course of that article the author gave incidentally an account of the activities of Mackenzie and Mann, pointing out that Mackenzie was the financier, Mann the builder. Mackenzie in his capacity as railway financier was so persistent in soliciting and getting credit and funds from the money markets of the world that he was jocosely called an arch-mendicant. Later he was called "The Emperor of the North." In one sense the road was built before its time, because it was perfectly evident from the start that the freight and passenger traffic could not begin to pay the cost of running it. The same was true of some of our American transcontinental railways. Despite errors of judgment and excessive grants, such railways have been emphatically worth what they cost because they built up along their routes new communities, offered facilities for through commerce, and were really a vanguard of civilization.

A New Revolution in Mexico

IT is a little too early to form a definite idea as to the extent of the latest revolutionary outbreak in Mexico. It may or it may not threaten serious danger to peace.

Some cynical observers will comment that it is nothing more or less than the usual pre-election revolution. Certainly since Porfirio Diaz's time no one has become ruler of Mexico without fighting for

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The area of the Mexican insurrection

it. Like the United States, Mexico has a Presidential election next year; our contest will be chiefly with arguments; if present indications are fulfilled, Mexico's contest will be preluded by battles.

Obregon is not a candidate for re-election—the Constitution forbids it; but if Mexico is in the turmoil of revolution next year it would not be astounding if Obregon found it necessary to continue to hold the reins of power. Such things have happened before in Mexico.

Obregon's own candidate for the Presidency has been General Plutarco Elias Calles, who is one of Obregon's Cabinet members and who helped both as a politician and as a soldier in putting Obregon in power. Opposed to Calles in the ambition to be President is Adolfo de la Huerta, who occupied the Presidential office for a short time before Obregon came into power. He also has been a Cabinet Minister under Obregon.

When Calles's candidacy was indorsed by the President, de la Huerta promptly resigned, threw his hat into the ring, in our phrase, was accused of wrong-doing, and fled far from the capital. The present outbreak is apparently in de la Huerta's interest. Its military chief is General Guadalupe Sanchez. He, as we understand it, had been in military command for Obregon in the State of Vera Cruz. There he has been joined by de la Huerta. Revolution was quickly organized; General Sanchez himself in a short time issued a proclamation in which he claimed to have 22,000 men, 230 machine guns, 4 batteries of artillery, and some warships in the Gulf of Mexico. This may more than probably be an exaggeration, but military activities in the neighborhood of Vera Cruz have been considerable, and the capital of the State, Jalapa, fell into the hands of the revolutionary forces on December 8, according to Associated Press reports, af an engagement which one side calls battle and the other side a skirmi It has been reported that outbreaks ha taken place in several other Mexic States, not only in Oaxaca, Guerrero, a Jalisco, which are near Vera Cruz, b in distant Chihuahua, and also in T maulipas and San Luis Potosi.

If the revolution continues to ga ground with the rapidity it showed in t first few days, Obregon is likely to fi the rebellion against his power a serio matter. It is hard to say whether or r the revolution really does represent mu of anything besides jealousy and aml tion for power. De la Huerta, the poli cal figure now thrown into the fo ground, has been considered more co servative than Obregon. The outsi world has been inclined to look at Obr gon as a good administrator who h kept things reasonably stable in Mexi for some time, and it has noted wi approval his wish to work in frien ship with the United States as well his repeated approval of a policy of ed cation in Mexico.

How Baldwin Was Beaten

GOVERNMENT by the British Parli ment is majority government. Orc narily when a Prime Minister resigns is because his majority in the House Commons has become a minority, and therefore informs the King that he wou better put governmental leadership in the hands of a leader of what had bc the minority but now becomes the m jority. As the phrase goes, the resigni minister cannot longer carry on the go ernment, and that is because he cann command a majority on a party measu or a test vote. This change in pow may be because of an election or becau of the shifting of groups within parties

But the situation that exists to-day not the ordinary one. There are thr large parties, not one of which can con mand a majority vote. The polling the recent election (complete with onl six exceptions) returned Conservative 261; Labor, 185; Liberals, 151; oth parties, 12; total, 609. It is interestin to note that eight women have won sea in the Commons out of thirty-four ca didates; three Conservatives (includin Lady Astor), two Liberals, and thre spinster Laborites, most prominen among whom is Miss Susan Lawrenc long a member of the London Count

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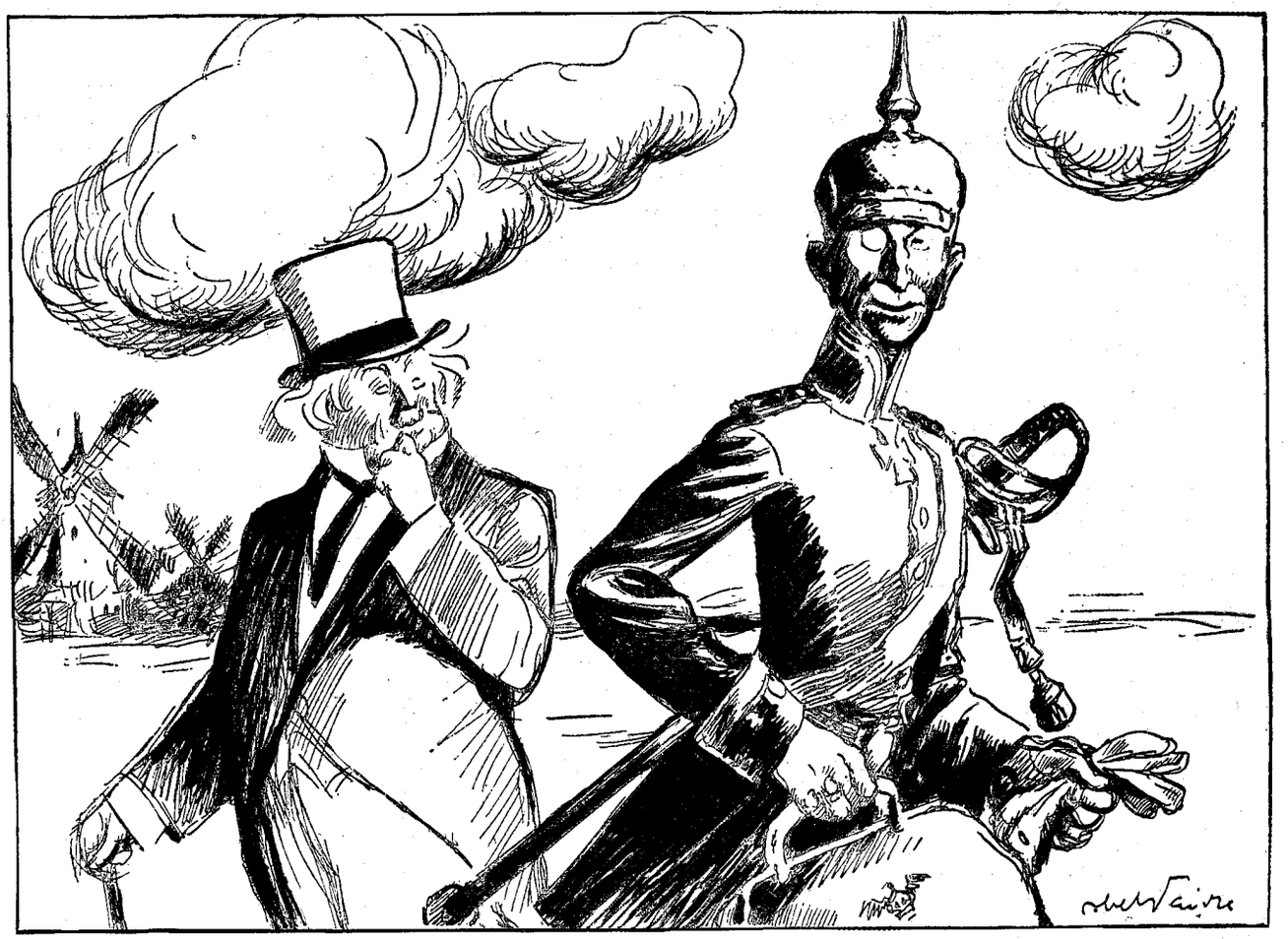
Why Stands He So Perplexed?

(Cymbeline, Act V, Scene 5)

Abel Faivre in a Paris Journal



In Memoriam

The Englishman—"What a fine young man! But where have I seen that face before?"

From Georges Benoit-Lévy, Paris, France

Kirby in the New York World

The British hold an election

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch

THYSSEN
I JUST BOUGHT A $20,000,000 OIL COMPANY IN THE UNITED STATES
STINNES
GERMAN WAR PROFITEERS AND MULTIMILLIONAIRES CLUB
HELP GERMANY

"Charity should begin at home"

From Mary E. McAndrews, Columbus, Ohio

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Councils. The women's vote had much do with the general result; it is said that Lloyd George convinced them in large numbers that protection meant dear food.

The total vote this year was about 14,000,000, about 1,000,000 over the 1922 total. The difference is not great; the number of three party contests was what "dished the Tories and killed protection dead," as one writer puts it. Proportional or preference voting is suggested as a possible remedy.

The Puzzle in Parliament

ANYTHING like a complete or permanent coalition between any two of the three parties is highly improbable. Disraeli once said, "England does not like coalitions." The issue of protection against free trade, pushed to the front in the campaign by Mr. Baldwin, leaves the Conservative party with about 80 votes lacking to make a majority, whereas before election it had about 80 more than a majority. That issue is dead. But the Conservatives certainly will not ally themselves with the Labor Party so long as the Labor members stand on their programme of a tax levy on capital and the building of vast public works to relieve unemployment. The Labor people, for their part, will not give up their programme for a dubious coalition. Their leader, Ramsay Macdonald, says: "We are not out to snatch seats and win a premature victory; we are building, not upon the sand, but on sure foundations, and our present task is to educate opinion." Perhaps some kind of a working arrangement between sections of the Liberals and the Conservatives is a little more probable, but the project bristles with difficulties, while Lloyd George's Center Party idea, which would exclude extremists of both parties and invite moderates, seems to have no solid support. The "Westminster Gazette" says of the possibility of alliance between Labor and Liberals that if Macdonald formed a Government and offered a programme of electoral and social reform he could expect a considerable measure of Liberal support.

The unwritten constitutional system of England is elastic, and no doubt will in time permit a gradual solution of what is really a political puzzle. If Asquith or Macdonald became Prime Minister, he might be turned out any minute after by an adverse majority, and he could pass legislation only by the sufferance of political opponents. To go to the people (that is, to have another election at once) would more than likely leave things as they are now and would be costly and disturbing. Undoubtedly Baldwin may keep office without serious objection until Parliament meets on January 8. It may even be that he could keep on beyond that time. Disraeli twice (1852 and 1858) helped Lord Derby to retain his Premiership against an adverse majority in Parliament. Some predict the growing up of a group system in Parliament, but the solidarity of the Labor Party stands in the way; it has gained steadily, now largely outnumbers the reunited Liberals, and is not inclined to bargain.

On one thing there is general agreement; it is that Mr. Baldwin made a political blunder of first magnitude in believing that by pushing a protectionist programme he could get a popular indorsement of his party and his leadership. England evidently still believes that she must have free raw materials and free food in order to carry on her manufacture of goods to sell abroad. Defeat and, for the moment, at least, political chaos have resulted.

Clipping the Army's Wings

IN his recent report Secretary of War Weeks warns the Nation that a very laudable desire for economy in the Government should not lead us to neglect our National defense. Possibly he was thinking of the present condition of the Army Air Service.

When he retired from his post as Assistant Secretary of War last March, Congressman-elect J. Mayhew Wainwright issued a report on the industrial mobilization plan of the War Department, which he had supervised and which, since his retirement, has been prosecuted vigorously by Assistant Secretary Davis. Colonel Wainwright found that "our most notable deficiency is in the matter of aircraft. The situation in the Army Air Service is most critical. Up to the present time the service has been using largely equipment produced during the war. What there is left of it is rapidly disappearing due to deterioration and to losses while in actual use. The amounts appropriated for the purchase of new aircraft are insufficient to provide what is necessary for even the normal peacetime equipment of the present small air service organization. The aeronautical industry in the United States is now practically facing extinction."

Colonel Wainwright's report resulted in the appointment of a special committee headed by Major-General William Lassiter to investigate the Air Service. After several months parts of its report were made public, enough to convey an inkling of the situation. The committee not only agreed with Colonel Wainwright, but went further into the details, and then recommended quick action by the President in order to save the Air Service from practical extinction.

The committee found that the failure of the aircraft industry to develop commercially has resulted in many aircraft manufacturers being solely dependent on the Government for their existence. Government orders have been so limited, for lack of appropriations, that the war equipment has remained in service until it is becoming unsafe to fly. With a continuance of appropriations at the present rate, by July, 1926, there will be available less than 300 serviceable airplanes to meet requirements of over five times that number for the present small service, which the Lassiter committee urged should be enlarged to three times its present size. Of the machines now on hand eighty per cent are obsolescent training types unfit for combat use.

The Army Air Service is pitifully small. It does not approach in actual strength even the skeleton organization authorized by Congress as part of the Regular Army. Where the authorized strength of officers for each squadron is thirty officers, the average squadron now has only seven officers. We have only four squadrons in the Philippine Islands, six in Hawaii, and four in Panama. We have more than five thousand officers in the Air Service Reserve Corps, and little or nothing with which to provide them with facilities for keeping in training. Only ten National Guard air squadrons have been federalized, two of them still lacking planes and equipment.

And European nations continue to develop their air services. Japan and, in fact, all nations, large and small, are equipping their armies with strong air forces.

If the President and the Appropriations Committees heed the advice of the Lassiter committee, some means will be devised to provide an extra $15,000,000 this year, next year, and for ten years to come, in order that the air forces shall be equipped with airplanes to carry them on any of a hundred different missions the moment an emergency develops. Otherwise, we shall be as unprepared as we were in 1917.

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Germany's Enemies

MANY German children are under-fed and some are slowly starving. Many German families, once prosperous or well-to-do, are now on the edge of destitution. Many German professional men, whose incomes in purchasing power have dwindled to almost nothing, are at a loss how to make a living. General Allen, formerly Commander of the American troops in the occupied region of Germany in and around Coblenz, is urging upon Americans to contribute to funds to be administered by the Society of Friends in Germany for the relief of these and others who will during the coming winter be in want of food.

Americans, habitually generous in response to appeals for aid to all those who suffer, will undoubtedly respond to this appeal on behalf of Germany, and in particular on behalf of the undernourished German children.

Unfortunately, there has been associated directly or indirectly with this appeal propaganda in support of Germany's political course and in opposition to the policies of France. The assumption is constantly made that France is acting unworthily in bringing about a condition which results in the starvation of children. There is a distinct tendency on the part of many interested in the relief of suffering in Germany to couple philanthropic impulse with moral indignation against Germany's neighbors.

With almost equal logic, one might be morally indignant against a judge who sentences a prisoner to jail because in that act he is subjecting the prisoner's wife and children to all the hardships that come from lack of the husband's and father's support.

Germany's enemies from which she has most to fear are not to be found outside but inside her borders. They are those who first brought her into enmity with all the world. They are those who encouraged her to trample upon the rights of Belgium. They are those who encouraged her to believe that she could dominate the world. They are those who led her to devastate her neighbor's country, not for any military purpose, but for the purpose of leaving her neighbor crippled whatever the outcome of the military action might be. They are those who when military defeat came encouraged Germany to resist the just demands for restitution. They are those who in the attempt to resist those demands used Germany's resources to bribe workers into idleness. They are those who in positions of responsibility encouraged the destruction of the German currency, with the necessary consequence (for which they are responsible) that the Government became bankrupt, though the country itself remains incalculably rich. They are those who in destroying the internal debt of Germany destroyed the well-being, the happiness, the very livelihood of those in Germany to whom that debt was owed. They are those who in all this period have profited by Germany's suffering and have made money out of the poverty of their fellow-countrymen.

In the New York "Times" of November 25 Georg Bernhard, editor-in-chief of the "Vossische Zeitung" of Berlin, describes the uncrowned monarch of Germany, Hugo Stinnes, who to-day has more authority, and is therefore more responsible for Germany's condition, than any other one man. He is the chief of Germany's industrialists. Beside him and those like him in Germany the rest of the industrialists of Europe are pygmies. It was Hugo Stinnes, to use Bernhard's own words, who was "one of the principal originators of those peculiar methods of transplanting Belgian laborers to Germany that aroused so much indignation throughout the world against the German war policy." His talent, as Bernhard says, "lies in the skillful combination of buying and selling rather than in power industrially," and in the process of buying and selling "he was," as Bernhard says, "never unduly scrupulous." During the war he was a propagandist for the annexation of the French ore beds of Longwy and Briey and for the exploitation of the Belgian coal and mineral regions. Out of the war he gained enormous profits. He used his close contact between himself and labor to acquire advantages for labor but greater advantages for himself. He skillfully used promises of high wages for the purpose of increasing prices, and with increasing prices money began to fall. And as the value of money sunk he was able to repay the loans he had secured by giving back only a fraction of the value of what he had obtained. The industrial resources of Germany which he controls are almost incredibly vast. His power is imperial. This is the way Bernhard describes him:

> He knows nothing of music or art; for him everything is business—but in the higher sense of the word. It is not the heaping up of money, but the making of fanciful combinations that fascinates him. Power is the goal toward which he strives. His desire for power is evident in his refusal to content himself with indirect political influence, as do other industrial lords. Stinnes has entered the political arena, has had himself elected to the Reichstag, and plays a prominent rôle in the meetings of the deputies of the German People's Party. . . .
>
> Ever since the war Stinnes has been the evil genius of Germany. But it would be a capital mistake to suppose him to be of an evil nature. His thought in the first confusion of the Revolution was that the inevitable disintegration of the German Empire would leave the German economic system as the only element with any stability. . . .
>
> Stinnes's most feared opponent was Walther Rathenau. It is hard to imagine a greater contrast than that between these two. . . .
>
> Rathenau's ideal was the bringing together of labor and capital in great industrial unions, thus making possible the emulation of the American model of standardizing production. . . . This plan provided for self-government, but under the supervision of the State in the interests of its welfare.
>
> The ideal of Stinnes was the building up of immense vertical trusts with individual powers, the subjugation of weaker competitors, the creation of great archduchies whose relation to the power of the state would resemble that which had existed between the German territorial princes and the German Emperor of 1802. . . .
>
> Stinnes had already provoked violent conflicts between Rathenau and himself by his behavior at the Spa conference. When Rathenau drew up the Wiesbaden agreement with Loucheur, Stinnes made use of all his political influence to destroy this work. He succeeded. Then, not yet sated, he became one of the authors of that savage baiting in the German Nationalist press that finally crazed some young men to the point of lying in wait for Rathenau one morning as he was leaving his villa for the Foreign Office and assassinating him. . . .
>
> Stinnes to-day maintains relations with Ludendorff, the Kaiser at Doorn, and the Wittelsbach pretender to the crown at Munich. To-day, counting on the weakening of the labor unions by the inflation and by his own undermining activities, he demands the abolition of the eight-hour day. He is the capitalist again, and waits for his victory. Economically he has already conquered. For his gigantic undertakings are built up in part on the immense losses suffered by the German middle classes, especially the people living on private incomes, through the absorption of income by the monetary depreciation.

Those who are encouraging Germany's resistance to just demands for restitution

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and who direct their moral indignation against those who make such just demands, are, unconsciously for the most part, playing into the hands of Germany's enemies and are helping to intensify the hardships which they desire to relieve.

Victoria on the Stage

"WE are not amused!" announces the young Queen of England with prim coldness in the midst of laughter at a cynical jest by Lord Palmerston. The iron Duke of Wellington stands open-mouthed; Palmerston tries to smile; but the company grows stiffer and glummer till the Duchess mother of Victoria frantically suggests whist. Those who attend the theater, however, are highly amused and charmed with this delightful play of Queen Victoria, which has been written by two Americans, David Carb and Walter Prichard Eaton.

Although no acknowledgment is made on the programme to Lytton Strachey, the play is practically a good dramatization in seven scenes of his well-known biography of England's famous Queen. It is in a way more enjoyable than the book, for, while the humor, pathos, and the essence of life are there, the sting is gone. What was in Strachey a tinge of contempt has been transmuted on the stage to pity.

The dramatists have selected and arranged their episodes so that, in spite of lapses of time, they rise in easy, natural progression from the first moment when Victoria, a sleepy but excited girl in a blue peignoir, learns that she is Queen, to the last tableau, when, feeble and leaning on the arm of her son Edward, she ascends the throne, and, standing there in the majesty of her royal robes and her own stiff dignity, she says to the statesmen assembled for her Jubilee: "I have tried to be good. I have tried to be a good queen."

The first episode passes quickly in a dim reception hall of Kensington Palace very early in the morning. There we see the bewildered Alexandrina Victoria, somewhat frightened by the influx of respectful courtiers and statesmen; coached in her little speeches by her German tutor, Stockmar; trying hard to assume a proper dignity, for, after all, she is glad that she is Queen and likes to feel her power. Her first royal command is that her bed shall be removed from her mother's room. Whatever may have been Victoria's shortcomings as a monarch, one thing becomes certain as the play unfolds. No ruler ever took himself or his task more seriously than she.

The two episodes that follow show the way in which her repugnance for the idea of marriage—increased by Lord Melbourne's explanation of the vital necessity for an heir—vanishes entirely when the hated meeting with Cousin Albert of Coburg is at last accomplished and she has had an opportunity to discover what a brilliant, handsome, altogether unparalleled prince he is. The amusing scenes between the tall, embarrassed young German and his naïve English cousin to whom he is expected to propose marriage are the invention of the dramatists, and they are written with a pleasing delicacy and restraint which characterize the play as a whole. Victoria feels self-conscious over the fact that she has fallen so completely in love with Albert. In the eyes of Lord Melbourne, to whom she had expressed the firm wish never to marry, she tries to appear quite nonchalant, remarking to him, "I have got well through this—this matter with Cousin Albert." The keen old lord makes no reply, but after an instant his face breaks into a warm smile and Victoria, unable to maintain her pose, hangs her head, blushing.

The performance of Ullrich Haupt as Prince Albert is, as a whole, even more finished and subtle than that of Beryl Mercer as the Queen. He is not, however, faced with Miss Mercer's problem of growing from sixteen to seventy-six in the course of the play. Any weakness that Miss Mercer shows in the younger parts disappears as she becomes older. When, widowed and disheartened, harassed by Gladstone with his oratory and his hated reforms, she opens her heart to the tactful Disraeli and begs to be allowed to abdicate, her acting displays a depth and richness that mark the peak of the play.

Clarence Derwent as Disraeli bringing his primrose tribute to Beryl Mercer as Queen Victoria, in the Equity Players production of "Queen Victoria"

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President Coolidge Speaks

An American Message

IN the American character there is a mixture of diverse traits. No people are more sentimental than the Americans, none more practical; none are more responsive to an appeal to idealism, none more likely to act with common sense.

Perhaps this Janus-like disposition is a social inheritance from those early pioneers whose devotion to an ideal of liberty found expression in a canny aptitude for sailing uncharted seas, conquering the wilderness, and building an enduring Government.

It is from New England, ancestral home of a pioneering people, that there has now come to the country a Message not lacking in idealism or genuine sentiment, but distinguished particularly by its hard common sense. Nothing is more enervating than the repeated contemplation of unpractical ideals. Americans have in late years had quite enough of this enervating experience, and have found, therefore, President Coolidge's dry common sense welcome and refreshing. There have been so many preachers in our time who have berated their hearers and the world in general for failing to achieve what at best must be the product of slow growth, and even then might be as malignant as beneficial, that the country has welcomed this sermon because it has pointed out on the path of progress the next steps.

In this Message, delivered in the presence of Congress, the President of the United States addressed the ears of listening fellow-citizens in all quarters of the country. Never before has a President spoken his annual Message directly to the people of the Nation. Officially he addressed Congress, but practically he was addressing every community in the United States, and he must have been conscious of that fact as he spoke. The response of the country was instantaneous. Through the radio the Chief Executive has established a new contact with the whole people of whom he is the sole representative.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S tribute to President Harding was appropriately first in what he had to say, and was genuinely affectionate, restrained, and true. In choosing to say of President Harding that he had "made justice more certain, and peace more secure," President Coolidge singled out for special mention the service for which the Harding Administration will undoubtedly remain distinguished in the history of our country. As the years go by, the Washington Conference of 1921 will grow in importance as a contribution to the wholesome development of international relations.

As the President points out, peace is a product of justice. "We desire to perpetuate it," he says, "always by granting full justice to others and requiring of others full justice to ourselves." There is something Rooseveltian in that statement, and the years of Roosevelt's Administration were years of peace. The President assumes that joining the League of Nations would restrict the Nation's freedom and independence of action. Behind that assumption is implied the assumption that if the Nation gave its word to abide by the Covenant it would feel bound by its pledge. Those who do not take the Covenant so seriously disagree with Mr. Coolidge. At any rate, he regards the League issue in America as a closed incident and believes that it would be well for us all to acknowledge that fact and govern ourselves accordingly. The President is characteristically explicit in his rejection of the League of Nations and is, we believe, right in his understanding of the situation.

In commending the World Court, created by the League of Nations, "to the favorable consideration of the Senate," the President is not at all inconsistent; for he makes clear that in adhering to the Court he would have the United States declare that it was not adhering to the League of Nations. He refers to our traditional support, not only of international arbitration, but of the idea of a permanent world court of justice. He sees in the present World Court "a new and somewhat different plan" from that which Americans formerly advocated, but, as it is the only practicable plan, and as it is an "instrument of adjustment to which we could go, but to which we could not be brought," he supports it with reservations.

In regard to Russia, President Coolidge carries on the policy, adopted under President Wilson and continued under President Harding, of declining to "enter into relations with another régime which refuses to recognize the sanctity of international obligations." The President believes that there are "encouraging evidences of returning to the ancient ways of society" and hopes that "the time is near at hand when we can act."

FOREMOST among domestic problems President Coolidge places the reduction of taxes.

On this he expresses his mind explicitly and emphatically. Secretary Mellon's proposal has his "unqualified approval." He commends the decrease of taxes on earned incomes, the further abolition of admission, message, and nuisance taxes, and is opposed to war taxes in times of peace, and therefore to excess profit taxes, and he explains the advantage that would come from a revision of surtaxes. The demagogue gets a following by advocating before the masses of the poor the levying of taxes upon the rich. President Coolidge has the good sense to see and the courage to say that practically all taxes rest as a burden on the poor, for they are passed on to the consumer in one way or another. President Coolidge is right, and the response of the country to his Message proves he is right, in saying of legislation for tax reduction, "The country wants this measure to have the right of way over all others."

There are many citizens who feel that President Coolidge might have gone further. They would say that if we are to have an income tax law it ought to be a wholly new one. The present law they regard as a boon to lawyers and to no one else, a series of loopholes for evasion, a mass of doubtful and debatable points, and a source of disputes and litigations that drive the taxpayer to desperation. They would have the Government not tinker with the old law, but scrap it, and make a new one if a new one is needed. They would have it start with a few definitions telling what income is and what it is not, what investment gain is, and what principle should govern exemptions granted and deductions admitted; and then they would have the new law made pretty much everything the old one was

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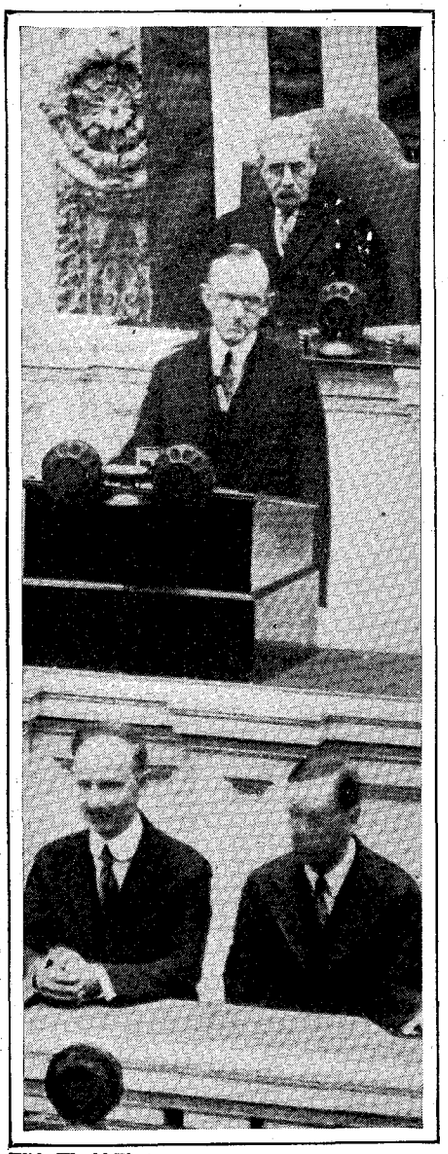

Wide World Photos

President Coolidge delivering his first Message to Congress

not—simple, understandable, and enforceable.

WHOLLY consistent in his attitude on fiscal affairs, President Coolidge emphatically and definitely opposes the cancellation of the debts which foreign nations owe to us, and does not favor the granting of a bonus to the able-bodied veteran. He would have the other European debts adjusted as the British debt was. He expresses America's direct interest in the economic recovery of Europe. Those people who have been charging Americans with indifference to the situation abroad and unwillingness to make any sacrifice for restoring normal conditions there should note what the President says. Of course we are making sacrifices. "Our deferred interest alone," says the President, "amounts to a million dollars every day." It is not so many years ago that that sum comprised the total expenditure of the Federal Government. If this country is really to contribute to world recovery, it must retrench. The President has emphasized this point by sending a special Message to Congress on the Budget.

OF all the subjects covered in this Message it is impossible to report in a summary of this length more than those of special importance except by briefest mention. On the tariff the President speaks as a protectionist and as a believer in the elastic provision which gives power to the President to make certain changes in the rates. On shipping the President summarizes what he says by this sentence: "We must have a merchant marine which meets these requirements" for National defense and for American commerce, "and we shall have to pay the cost of its service." On public improvements he speaks for the purpose of distinguishing between expenditure which is for capital investment and expenditure which is not; but he fails to point out how expenditure for public improvements can be used for preventing or ameliorating business depression and restraining business booms. On the railways he speaks as a conservative who believes that we should experiment slowly, avoiding confiscatory rate making, retaining such an instrument as the Labor Board in lieu of anything better, and encouraging the voluntary consolidation of railways.

His most emphatic recommendation concerning the railways is for "an entire reorganization of the rate structure for freight." He urges laws to facilitate the administration of justice and the workings of the courts, advocates the maintenance and extension of the classified Civil Service, and asks for laws and regulations to protect coastal waters from pollution, to control aviation, radio, loading of vessels, and Alaskan fisheries, and to give more constructive purposes to the Federal Trade Commission. He favors the amendment of the Constitution for limiting child labor and for giving the Federal Government authority to establish a minimum wage for women under its jurisdiction. He emphasizes the duty of the Government to care for the disabled veterans. He discusses the coal question with a recommendation that there should be a permanent coal commission ready to deal with emergencies, and he recognizes that in the coal industry the public interest is paramount. He desires the reorganization of the executive department and bureaus with the creation of a new department and Cabinet member in charge of education and welfare. He favors the sale of Muscle Shoals subject to the right of the Government to retake it in time of war, but, unfortunately, without reference to any limitations in time over the control of this vast water power. He favors reforestation; and he urges what seems to us a very questionable policy of granting power to the Secretary of the Interior "to suspend, readjust, and reassess all charges against water users" on reclamation projects. He opposes further reductions of the Army and Navy.

FOR the enforcement of prohibition he asks for the strengthening of the Coast Guard and its supply of swift power boats. He mentions the negotia-

(C) Underwood

The President's Message being received by radio in New York City—a scene repeated at scores of radio shops in many cities

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tion of the proposed treaty with Great Britain for the recognition of the right of search of hovering vessels, and recognizes the need of co-operation between Federal, State, and municipal governments, and he urges upon citizens the duty, not only of observing the law, but of openly discountenancing its violation. He asks that the field force for the enforcement of prohibition be brought under the classified Civil Service.

For the prevention of lynching he asks Congress to exercise all of its powers, but he emphasizes more constructive measures as the real basis for right race relationship. He commends the proposal for a commission to promote understanding between whites and Negroes—apparently a National commission, though he does not hint that it should be Governmental in any sense. He recognizes, however, that race difficulties are largely local problems and must be worked out in each community as they occur. He asks Congress for the money to educate Negro doctors at Howard University.

Concerning immigration his attitude is expressed tersely: "America must be kept American." He would have immigration restricted by a "selective" process, "with some inspection at the source, and based either on a prior census or upon the record of naturalization." He would have all aliens registered in order to provide for additional safety in the law. With these views of the President we believe that an overwhelming number of Americans are in hearty accord. This is a subject on which there must be legislation at the present session of Congress, because the law now in operation will expire next June.

In agriculture the President sees at present for the most part prosperity, but notes in certain areas hardship and even distress. In particular he sees that distress where there is dependence on one crop, and for such distress he sees permanent remedy in methods to be adopted by the farmers themselves. President Coolidge speaks as one who knows the farmer at first hand, for he comes from a farming region. The remedies called for by the farmers' difficulties he announces as reduction of taxation, the rebuilding of the freight-rate structure, cheaper fertilizers, and, most of all, organization, organization, organization. In particular he urges co-operative marketing and the establishment of courses in agricultural schools on the theory of organization and co-operative marketing. Loans through a Governmental agency he regards as a temporary expedient. He does not favor the permanent interference of the Government in the exporting of wheat, because such interference would increase trouble by increasing production; but he would assist exports by giving to the War Finance Corporation authority "to grant, in its discretion, the most liberal terms of payments for fats and grains exported for the direct benefit of the farm."

In conclusion President Coolidge points out that the responsibility of the United States is in proportion to its power. Since the Monroe Doctrine was proclaimed we have changed from a weak Nation to a great and strong one, and our duty is to see that our material power is used as it should be. Our virtues must not be cloistered. "The time has come," says the President, "for a more practical use of moral power, and more reliance upon the principle that right makes its own might. Our authority among the nations must be represented by justice and mercy. . . . The spiritual forces of the world make all its final determinations. It is with these voices that America should speak. . . . America has taken her place in the world as a republic—free, independent, powerful. The best service that can be rendered to humanity is the assurance that this place will be maintained."

What Experts Say

Telegrams to The Outlook from the Nation's Leaders

In response to telegraphic inquiries sent by The Outlook for the purpose of eliciting expert opinion on certain topics in the President's Message, the following despatches addressed to the Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook have been received:

On the Negro Question and Lynching

The President's Message is characterized by a high degree of sagacity and courage. I commend the spirit which dictated that part of the Message bearing on the race question, although some of the remedies suggested are of doubtful wisdom. Lynchings are rarely community enterprises. Congress could as well take cognizance and legislate in restraint of the murders of the gunmen or the burglaries of the bandits of New York City. Any Congressional commission to consider the race question would be composed of limelight reformers and mulattoes whose fulminations might aggravate but could not ameliorate race conditions anywhere. The wisdom of the President is embodied in the last sentence on the subject: "The difficulties are local problems to be worked out by the mutual forbearance and kindness of each community." And he might have added that the manner in which each community handles the problem tells the story of its civilization or its lack of it.

Le Roy Percy,
Former Senator from Mississippi.

I am altogether opposed to President Coolidge's recommendation on lynching. South Carolina has already made provision for vigorous prosecution of lynchers and has a statute which has been in effect for several years which provides for the payment of a substantial sum by the county in which the lynching occurs to the family of the person lynched. This is an absolute liability without regard to the conduct of officers. This law has been tested and upheld by the unanimous decision of the Supreme Court. The county had to pay the amount provided by law to the family of the person lynched. Federal interference would chill the earnestness of local authorities in prosecuting offenders and would react on the strong and growing public sentiment against lynching in this State. Racial conditions in South Carolina are good and growing better, and this State for a number of years has had fewer lynchings than any other Southern State.

Richard I. Manning,
Former Governor of South Carolina.

The American people of all groups will be heartened by the patriotic and courageous words of President Coolidge in his Message to Congress. This

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is particularly true of the Negroes, for whom he asks the fullest protection of their rights as citizens. When the President says, "These difficulties are to a large extent local problems which must be worked out by the mutual forbearance and human kindness of each community," I presume he had knowledge of the work of the Commission on Interracial Co-operation, with headquarters in Atlanta. This is the most significant single effort for helpful co-operation between the races inaugurated since emancipation. The fact that this movement has been largely initiated by Southern men and women and prosecuted with courage and wisdom gives it inestimable value in bringing about such results as the President so earnestly seeks.

R. R. Moton,
Principal of Tuskegee Institute,
Tuskegee, Alabama.

On Agriculture

President Coolidge said that no permanent relief could come from Government price-fixing and that the only real restoration of agriculture must come from simple and direct methods put into operation by the farmer himself. This, coupled with lower taxes, which can only be brought about by an economical programme of government expenditure, together with strong farmer organizations and a system of co-operative marketing associations, constitutes, I believe, the only logical and permanent method of working out the remedy for a very distressing condition.

R. W. Slocum,
President of the Dairymen's League
Co-operative Association.

President Coolidge advocated no paternalistic plan for the relief of agriculture. He is not to be condemned for this. The farmer wants only a square deal, not special privileges. But the farmer does need to be freed from having to support special privileges for other classes. The President should have seen the great injustice which the present high Tariff Law means for agriculture and should have urged needed reforms. What he proposes is good, but he does not go far enough.

Clarence Poe,
Editor of the "Progressive Farmer."

President Coolidge's Message as it pertained to agriculture offers no hope to the farmers of the country. To suggest that the farmers help themselves out of their difficulty is equivalent to offering them nothing at all. Co-operative marketing as suggested by the President is a good thing, and the farmers have been building in that direction for a considerable time; a more immediate remedy must be found than that. The farmers must have help as the railroads secured help through the aid of the Government in the Transportation Act. Moreover, the farmers do not ask continued assistance, as was given the railroads. A minimum price on wheat and on one or two other of the principal products of the farm would be to agriculture what the Esch-Cummins Law has been to transportation. The President's Message, I repeat, is without any merit as far as agriculture is concerned.

Magnus Johnson,
United States Senator from Minnesota.

On Immigration

The President's paragraph on immigration indicates his purpose to continue the quota as a selective method of securing the most assimilable recruits to America's citizenship. In another paragraph President Coolidge expresses his recognition of the common bond of humanity, and consistency will doubtless direct his authority to radical changes in the often cruel execution of this policy until some method more scientific and truly selective will be established. With confidence in our President's desire to enhance good will in our relations to all the people of the world, one may register a protest against his suggestion of a registration of aliens. Registration was born in the soil of military needs and has little bearing on economic conditions. Its tendencies are inevitably reactionary and under our form of government would be practically unenforceable.

Lillian D. Wald,
Head of the Henry Street Settlement.

On Prohibition

President Coolidge's recommendations on law enforcement are good as far as they go, but they do not go far enough. He is right in promising additional efforts to prevent smuggling and he is right in negotiating the treaty extending the three-mile limit to twelve, but why not protest against a friendly nation like Great Britain entering into financial partnership with those who conspire to violate our laws? Canada and the Bahama Islands make millions a year out of the tax levied on liquors smuggled into the United States. Why not protest against the giving of clearance papers to ships carrying liquor to bootleggers? If Great Britain cannot protect her own flag from being disgraced by those engaged in illicit traffic in a prohibited article, she should not object if our Government treats smuggler ships as outlaws.

W. J. Bryan,
Former Secretary of State.

On the League of Nations and the World Court

President Coolidge's Message stated clearly his accord with the American policy for a court intended to include the whole world. He says the League's Court is different. Its protocol has been represented as an independent treaty. It is not. Read and print it, and you will see it is intended only for members of the League and original signers of the League's Covenant. Out of deference to his predecessor and the nations who are members he could hardly do otherwise than commend for favorable consideration the idea of a court, but he insists on reservations which imply the existence of dangers, does not want anything to do with the League, and would evidently be pleased with a better plan that would meet every desire. Why not this?

David Jayne Hill,
Former Ambassador to Germany.

President Coolidge proposes no change in the American policy of attending to our own affairs, conserving our own strength, and protecting the interests of our own citizens. He believes the majority of the American people to hold still to their refusal to accept the responsibilities which most of the peoples have assumed under the Covenant. He hopes the League will be helpful to the suffering world, but thinks we should take no part in that helpfulness.

President Coolidge recommends the establishment of the World Court on the ground that the proposal presents the only practical plan on which many nations have ever agreed. He thinks that the establishment of the Permanent Court should not be a partisan question.

These remarks seem equally applicable to America's entrance into the League of Nations.

Charles W. Eliot,
President Emeritus of
Harvard University.

On Tax Reduction

I am in hearty agreement with the President's emphatic pronouncement in favor of tax reduction, including specific indorsement of the plan proposed by Secretary Mellon. Its adoption by Congress will do more than any other single legislative act to increase business stability and industrial activity, thereby creating continued and additional prosperity for all our people. The only way to reduce taxes is to reduce expenditures. That must be done. Appropriating authority must adhere strictly to the budget system and the budget estimates; we must not cripple or impair this essential agency for the practice of economy. Specifically I favor elimination of special

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-called war taxes, as recommended by e President, and removal of the tax-emption privilege now enjoyed by nds issued by municipal and other vernmental subdivisions. This last re-ires a Constitutional amendment, but is necessary to restore the proper bal-ce between income from investments public projects and those in productive industry; furthermore, to curtail extravagance in public expenditures.

WALTER W. HEAD,
President of the American Bankers Association.

In General

I MADE the following statement to the press the day of the delivery of the President's Message: "It seems to me a most excellent Message. The President states his position on all important questions with the utmost directness and in the clearest and simplest way. I think it a very strong Message indeed."

H. C. LODGE,
United States Senator from Massachusetts.

The Good Politics of Courage

NO one can read the outbursts from the editorial pens of the country without being impressed / the feeling that the best politician is ie most courageous politician. The untry seems to feel that now it knows here the President stands, and the posi-on is respected even by those who dis-ree with him. A characteristic com-ent which bears out this statement is be found in the Chicago "Tribune:"

On the point of a bonus for able-odied veterans he is equally definite nd more concise. He disposes of the ubject with the single line, "I do not avor the granting of a bonus."

Though we disagree with him, we nust respect him for expressing his pinion without equivocation. His tand is courageous, whether mistaken r not.

One of the most outstanding excep-ons to the general course of praise for ie President's clearness and exactness of tterance which we have seen is to be und in the Dayton "News," owned by mes M. Cox, the Democratic nominee r President in 1920. Mr. Cox's paper ys:

The Message . . . is the most color-less document that has issued from the White House in a generation.

Apparently his chief purpose was to disclose as little conviction as possible.

The Rochester "Herald" is equally vere on the President's Message. The Herald" editorial is a little over a col-mn long. Perhaps if President Coolidge ad written this editorial he would have ontented himself with the opening hrase, "filled with rhetoric and politics," r that phrase gives the heart of the Herald's" opinion.

Democratic editors in the South are ore generous to the Republican Presi-ent than either the "News" or the "Her-ld." The Atlanta "Constitution" says:

In this remarkable Message there is not a line of demagogy, jingoism, or political clap-trap. It is businesslike, statesmanlike. The Democrats of Congress could do no better work than in hearty co-operation in the enactment of a programme so soundly and forcibly and resolutely laid down. It will redound to party advantage far more to do this, putting selfish political feeling aside, than either to attempt to obstruct or to criticise and minimize.

The "Times Picayune" of New Orleans is also able to recognize virtue in a political opponent:

Three matters—the Mellon tax programme, bonus, and the World Court—supplied the acid test of Mr. Coolidge's quality and courage. His political-minded advisers probably would have preferred that he straddle all three for his own and his party's political advantage. By unequivocal statements for the Treasury tax plan, the World Court, and against the bonus he compels the respect even of those who disagree with him about these issues. These definite utterances class him as a positive rather than a negative President. Most Americans irrespective of their political affiliations will rejoice in this evidence of his backbone, mental sturdiness, and moral courage.

The Louisville "Courier-Journal" says: "No one who can understand the English language need longer remain in doubt as to Mr. Coolidge's views on most of the questions of the day," but finds that there is at least one question still left for the country to determine:

The next doubt to be resolved is whether he will now relapse into the dignity of inactivity, or earnestly and aggressively seek to induce Congress to follow his advice. The answer to that question will answer the question whether President Coolidge is what the country badly needs—a leader not only with the intelligence to mark out a wise programme of legislation but with the will and the power to get it done.

The Richmond "Times-Dispatch" says that the President's Message "possesses the outstanding merit of being, on the whole, a sound deliverance, particularly suited to the times and the occasion."

From the Memphis "Commercial Appeal" the country learns that "Mr. Coolidge shows that the New England mind is still capable of National leadership."

Perhaps the general tenor of the Nation's editorials may be briefly and fairly shown by a group of single sentences:

Indianapolis "News"—"There is no shrinking from what many look on as 'dangerous issues.'"

Kansas City "Times"—"He has used no weasel words."

Cleveland "Plain Dealer"—"It is a Message that invites confidence."

Washington "Post"—"Its combined simplicity and comprehensiveness, in small compass, are admirable, and may be described as Lincolnian."

The Boston "Herald"—"The Message is the revelation of a mind as accurate and exact as an adding machine."

Detroit "Free Press"—"The document ought to give Mr. Coolidge's stock a very decided boom."

St. Paul "Dispatch"—"The President's first Message to Congress more than conveys . . . 'information of the state of the Union;' it conveys the President himself to the Nation."

The Philadelphia "Ledger"—"It is written as a man might write who cared not two whoops whether or not he came back to the White House."

The San Francisco "Chronicle"—"The Message of President Coolidge is a model for all who have occasion to prepare State documents."

The Portland "Oregonian"—"One must recognize it as the work of a man devoted with a single mind to a sacred trust."

The St. Louis "Globe-Democrat"—"It is plain that he is not to be deterred by possible political consequences from stating his conclusions in unequivocal terms."

These are sentences chosen almost at random.

Surely when the President surveys the reaction of the country to his address he can feel that the Nation has rewarded his effort with a generous "well said." The President's nomination and election rest largely upon what power he may possess to change the country's "well said" to an equally hearty "well done."

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Two Gainsborough

Courtesy of M. Knoedler & Co.

Family Group—the Artist, His Wife, and Elder Daughter Mary

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New to America

Courtesy of M. Knoedler & Co.

Miss Juliet Mott—Aged Twelve Years

These paintings, which have not been seen in America before, were recently exhibited at the Knoedler Galleries, New York City, and are reproduced by permission. The Family Group has been in the Gainsborough family ever since it was painted. Gainsborough's wife was a daughter of the fourth Duke of Beaufort. The picture of Juliet Mott was painted in 1766 and given by the artist to the child's parents out of gratitude for kindness received at their house during an illness. Juliet was the daughter and heiress of Richard Mott of Carlton, Suffolk, a West of England banker

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When the Klan Rules

The Giant in the White Hood

By STANLEY FROST

THE Ku Klux Klan has become the most vigorous, active, and effective organization in American life outside business. Its influence, though intangible and often secret, affects every public question and every activity which depends in any degree on public opinion; its power is incalculable, since it is different from that of any other known force. It controls, in a way in which no political party has ever controlled, hundreds of cities, towns, and counties, a few States; it has elected its picked men mayors, sheriffs, and judges, legislators and Governors, Representatives and Senators in Congress. It is reaching for the Presidency.

Moreover, it is growing with tremendous speed. Its members are already beyond two millions, and may be near four; certainly they will increase by hundreds of thousands in the next few weeks. All efforts which have been made to check or destroy it have failed; indeed, they seem only to have speeded its growth. It is not yet able to impose its will on the Nation, but it is surely on the road towards supreme power. The cloud which two years ago was no bigger than a man's hand has covered a great part of the heavens and is still spreading.

This is the first of the reasons why there should be a new and careful consideration of the Klan. It is a reason which appeals to every man or woman to whom it makes a cent's worth of difference whether or not their opinions and judgments on public affairs are accurate and well founded. All such people must from now on know the real facts as to the strength, the methods, the habits, and the intentions of this white-hooded giant, as well as the dangers his existence creates. All thought regarding the body politic is subject to discount in exact proportion to the lacks and inaccuracies of this information.

But there are other reasons for a reappraisal of the Klan which will appeal equally to all fair-minded men and women; reasons which seem to indicate that earlier judgments found against it were at least partly wrong, or have become wrong.

One is the quality of the people who are in the Klan or are joining it. They are not always, though sometimes, the best in the community, but they are usually the good, solid, middle-class citizens, the "backbone of the Nation." It is absurd to continue to believe that these people, so many and of such standing, are all criminally minded; that they are any more likely to commit outrages than any other equal-sized body, such as the Presbyterian Church, or that they can or will become a menace to the country through any other cause than ignorance.

IN this, the first of a succession of independent but related articles, Stanley Frost gives reasons for considering the Ku Klux Klan very seriously. He shows that it is very much alive, and that, whether the desire be to change, use, fight, or destroy it, nothing but facts will serve as ammunition.

International

It is clear that the opinion most of us formed two years ago, that the Klan was an attempt to gather the wild and lawless elements into a power, that it was composed of gangs of night-riding hoodlums, probably criminal and certainly crazy, along with a scattering of feeble-minded people whom they had hoodwinked—it is clear that this judgment is no longer correct, no matter how well founded it seemed.

It is clear too that the Klan can no longer be dismissed as an unimportant though distressing outbreak of a few morons. Instead it has become a great National movement, with all the power and entitled to all the dignity and respect—yes, "respect" even if joined with fear and nervous ridicule—which belong to such movements. Whether for good or bad, whether insane or inspired, it must be studied, judged, and dealt with on that basis.

It is clear, finally, that since it has become such a movement quick action must be taken if it is to be stopped, diverted, or controlled. Its power is very real; already there are strong influences getting into motion to use that power. If its leadership or programme is wrong, the time when either can be changed will soon pass. When it has added the momentum of another million members or so, it will be as hard to divert from its course as a comet.

It is, for example, pure folly any longer to attack it as "lawless." It is true that lawlessness may be argued from its methods; true, too, that lawless acts have been committed under cover of its hoods; true, finally, that a trusted official recently killed a man in Atlanta. But when the great number of Klansmen is considered, with the fact that in many States there has never been an outrage that could even remotely be charged to them—and this in States where their strength is undoubted—and when it is further considered that of all the outrages charged against the Klan not a dozen have been proved, fairness must admit that the charge falls as to actual conduct.

Since that is true, the charge of law-

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less intent gets nowhere. In almost all communities the Klan now has members who are known; they are not lawless either actually or in intention, and such charges therefore seem absurd equally to them and to their non-Klan neighbors. They simply are not believed, and he who spreads them discredits himself.

The shoe, in fact, is now on the other foot. It is the legal officials who have become lawless and the Klan which is suffering illegal persecution. The case of Oklahoma is the worst, but hundreds of minor officials all over the country are stretching their powers, as Governor Walton did his, in their efforts to suppress the Klan.

To give a single instance: A certain county judge ordered the arrest on sight of any Klan organizer who appeared, and when he caught one shipped him out of the county. There was no trial, no charge could be proved against him, and the punishment is not one provided by any law.

Perhaps that county will do as well as any other to illustrate the kind of people who are now joining the Klan. In that county it to-day includes, if not the "best people," at least the next best. There are bankers, lawyers, doctors, probably a majority of the preachers, a handful of teachers, scores of small business men, and hundreds upon hundreds of farmers.

But the Klan also reaches into higher places. In New York City three men may be mentioned as typical of its upper layer: a man very near the top of one of America's biggest manufacturing corporations, a doctor who is recognized as close to the head of his profession, and the owner of a powerful magazine. All, by the way, are active churchmen.

I learned of one problem of Klan membership which has its elements of humor. The conscientious president of a large and highly respected fresh-water college is greatly disturbed in his mind as to whether or not he shall discharge the dozen or score members of his faculty who have joined. The Klan is watching him, rather hopefully, since such a raid would be splendid advertising and would also provide some very able "martyrs" for its propaganda bureau!

The total membership in the Klan to-day is of course a secret of the order. Klan officials refuse to give any figures. Others, whose information may or may not be good, say the total, including both men and women, is now near 4,000,000. Detailed estimates, not by Klansmen, are that there are 500,000 in Indiana and 415,000 in Texas, 450,000 in Ohio; more than 200,000 each in Oklahoma, Oregon, California and New York State; and from 50,000 to 100,000 each in Arkansas, Washington, Kansas, Missouri, Michigan, Illinois, Kentucky, West Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, and Tennessee. This would give a total of 3,850,000, which is not far from the Klan guess when allowance is made for scattered membership.

These figures, however, are undoubtedly extravagant, for Klansmen are inclined to boast, and politicians are scared and very liable to the complaint of "seeing things at night." But they will not be at all extravagant if the increase in Klan membership goes on long at the present pace.

It is fairly amazing. I have spoken of the county where the judge helped the Klan get 2,000 members. It took five men four weeks to do it, an average of 100 a week each. This is probably a conservative average, for at one single meeting of which a report reached me—not from a Klansman—an organizer got above 5,000 recruits. That man held five meetings that week. And there are—again the figures are approximate—some 800 Klan organizers at work. That would give a total "naturalization" of 80,000 a week! Even if both figures be discounted pretty heavily, it leaves a weekly increase of around 50,000, and this agrees with an estimate I received from one of the leading Klan opponents. I believe it is approximately correct, but on the side of conservatism.

International

These people are all joining with a definite idea, for a definite purpose, and willing to work under strict discipline to achieve that purpose. The result is a tremendously effective force. It is also tremendously active. Recent elections showed that the Klan is politically entrenched in seven States: Oregon, Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Indiana, Ohio, and California. It is so powerful in a dozen others that no politician can by any possibility be driven into any remark (for publication) hostile to it. It is to be noted that even in States which have passed anti-Klan laws they are not being enforced, as with the celebrated Miller Law in New York. Moreover, with few exceptions, the daily press has stopped making gratuitous attacks. Everywhere there is the shadow of a power that those who depend on public good-will do not offend without compelling reasons.

Entrenched in seven States, great in power in others, the Klan figures that before the next election it can carry on intensive membership campaigns *in at least twenty-one more States!* The possibilities from these campaigns may be guessed from the fact that similar ones gave it Ohio and Indiana in a few months.

So much for the power and importance of the Klan in our National life of to-day and to-morrow. It can hardly be exaggerated, but to be estimated correctly it must be taken in connection with the fact that the history of the country has been filled with movements which were, in a general way, very similar. Time after time there has broken out organized effort to restrict the power of alien-born and, particularly, of Roman Catholic citizens. Each has raged with bitterness, each has gained some headway, and each has vanished suddenly.

These movements have been dubbed "nativistic" by certain historians and political writers. The word has rather a horrendous sound and is undoubtedly intended to express contempt. Yet the fundamental idea in which they all agree is at least debatable. It is merely this: That native-born citizens, trained in the National schools, sons and heirs of the men who built up the Nation, are on the whole better interpreters of National thought and purposes, and hence more fitted to rule the country, than are people of alien blood, tradition, and training, whom those natives have admitted to a share in their advantages.

This idea hardly seems criminal. It

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may fairly be called illiberal, with whatever stigma that adjective implies in view of the recent demonstration that liberalism may wander far from common-sense patriotism.

The first, then, of the "nativistic" movements came in the very first years of the Republic. The Federalists wished a firm Central Government; the newly arrived preferred a weak one. So the Federalists made the alien vote an issue, and in 1795 raised the term of naturalization to fourteen years. The Republicans, under Jefferson, restored the term to five years in 1802, and grew powerful on the alien vote—as other political parties have done many times since. The issue was kept alive till it vanished in the War of 1812.

It revived in New York City in 1835, when the alien voters definitely banded together to control the city, parading with banners which read, "Americans must not rule us!" The response of the Americans was instant. They rallied under the leadership of men of whom Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph, was one of the best known. He wrote the famous "Brutus" letters, charging that there was an alien, Catholic conspiracy to seize control of America. He attacked the "compact and clannish body of immigrants, avid of office and openly allying themselves as foreigners against the Nation." The movement resulted in practically driving foreigners from office in the city, spread to Boston and Philadelphia, where there were riots, and then slumbered.

The next outbreak was in 1843, when the Democrats again carried New York City and gave the majority of offices to foreigners. Again it won control, and again there were riots and bloodshed and much bitterness. One notable outrage was the looting and burning of a nunnery. Having accomplished its immediate purposes, it again died.

But the alien issue became a tremendous one in 1853. The big immigration from Ireland following the famine of 1847 and from the Continent as a result of the abortive revolutionary movements in 1848–50 swamped the American voters. This resulted in the formation of "The Sons of 1776, or the Order of the Star-Spangled Banner," the lower lodges of which were pledged to vote for none but native Protestants—there was no Negro question then—and the higher orders to force foreigners and Catholics out of all public service. The members were instructed to answer "I don't know" to all questions, and so got the name of "Know-Nothings."

My own boyhood study of history left me with the impression that the Know-Nothings were a queer, obscure, and rather disreputable lot, without any particular influence. Nothing could be further from the facts. They nearly got control of the country. Operating at first by indorsing selected candidates—as the Anti-Saloon League has done and the Ku Klux Klan is doing now—they upset all political calculations in 1853 and 1854. In 1855 their success went to their heads and they came into the open as the American Party. This, as events proved, was a fatal mistake, but it won great immediate success. In that year they carried nine States and narrowly missed six more; the next year they had eight Governors and fourteen legislatures. A side-light on their standing and membership is the fact that they elected twenty-four ministers to the Massachusetts Legislature. Their strength was chiefly in New England and the South, though they showed sporadic power in all parts of the country.

But the movement died fast. Being a political party, it was forced to take a stand on the burning slavery question, tried to straddle, lost everything but the border States in 1858, and by 1860, after a vain effort to avert the war, had almost vanished. Professor George M. Stephenson, the historian, says that "about the only definite thing it accomplished was the binding together of the different racial stocks," but its temporary achievement was much greater. It did, for the time, clean up much local political corruption and drive from office many foreigners and Catholics.

They remembered it after its power was gone, and their efforts, combined with its pusillanimous record on slavery, covered it with obloquy. Its members hunted cover, and it has never had a friendly historian. Perhaps it did not deserve one, for its propaganda was based on the most lurid stories about the Catholic Church and was from first to last little but an appeal to prejudice, lacking the dignity of the Morse movement. But it very nearly won complete success.

Following the Civil War there was one other outbreak, the American Protective Association, but it fell under the disrepute left over from the Know-Nothings, and, though it once claimed two million members, never achieved any power. The last flicker from it was the famous "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion" of the Rev. Dr. Burchard, which defeated Blaine for the Presidency. That debacle convinced politicians once for all that the anti-alien, anti-Catholic agitation was too dangerous to monkey with.

So, in spite of all the talk of unfit immigration, unassimilated aliens, hyphenism, and perversion of Americanism which has been heard in the last few years, the Ku Klux Klan is the first to dare raise the fundamental issue openly once more. History, as well as the Klan's own success, shows how powerful an appeal that issue may have. And the Klan has not yet made, and its leaders declare that it will not make, the mistakes which wrecked the Know-Nothings. It is evident that the possibilities in such a situation confuse the imagination.

It is evident, too, that an organization which has grown so fast and won such support from so solid a class of citizens, and all in the face of such bitter opposition, possesses enormous vitality. There is some deeper reason for its existence than a desire to masquerade in white hoods, or even to go night-riding and reform the neighbors with a blacksnake whip. Such a growth in itself proves that the movement has an appeal to some deep-seated sentiment, instinct, prejudice, condition, or whatever you care to call it, but something widespread, fundamental, and very much alive.

IN the articles which follow this Mr. Frost will undertake to explain with as little prejudice as possible the facts about the Ku Klux Klan, its purposes, its methods, and the extent of its success, the sort of people who indorse it and who join it, its possible results, and its undoubted dangers. In those articles it is assumed that for a new judgment on the Klan neither mere denunciation nor vague indignation will serve, but only a careful estimate of the value or danger of the purposes and ideals professed, a determination whether the Klan furthers those purposes and ideals or not, and a decision whether its methods and propaganda are a greater menace than the evils it assumes to cure. The Klan cannot be dealt with or resisted effectively unless it is measured by this sort of enlightened judgment based on facts. Stanley Frost's next article in his series on the Klan will tell of the great change that has taken place in the Klan in the last two years, how its methods have been reformed in an effort to avoid criticism, and how it is now prepared for defense.

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Her Son

By NINNA MAY SMITH

IF, as He rolled along the floor,
Or sunned Himself within the door,

Or in His father's shop took strands
Of yellow shavings in His hands,

There burned a narrow rim of light
About small Jesus' head more bright

Than common flame had ever wrought,
His gentle mother, watching, thought

(As any mother might have done)
It was because He was her Son.

Christmas Dinners from Alaska

By EDWY B. REID

In the near future the reindeer of northern Alaska may supply all America with toothsome steaks. This article tells of the growing herds and their Eskimo herdsmen

WHAT will ruddy-faced old St. Nick say when he learns that reindeer steak is to be served for Christmas dinner in almost every house where his prancing reindeer scale the roofs at Yuletide for him to drop messages of cheer down the chimney? Or will the old gentleman be bringing reindeer venison and steaks with him, giving them as a token of esteem from the white man, Eskimo, and Indian of the land of the midnight sun, which he is supposed to inhabit during the balance of the year?

If we project ourselves in the future for about twenty-five years, we are likely to find that many families have already provided themselves with reindeer meat for the Christmas holidays, but that it is not considered a very great luxury. It is purchased because it is a delicacy, a rare mixture of the flavors of both beef and mutton, but without the "wild" taste so frequently found in game animals. Alaska at that time will be producing between three and four million reindeer annually on two hundred thousand square miles of grazing lands. This statement is not a Christmas fairy story, but is the keen estimate made by Dr. E. W. Nelson, Chief of the Bureau of Biological Survey, who has Governmental charge of the rapidly increasing herd of reindeer owned by the Eskimos, who are wards of the United States, and also that of Carl Lomen, representative of one of the largest herds owned by a white man in Alaska. Just to show that these men are making conservative estimates, let us take a hindsight over the years since the reindeer were first brought into Alaska from Siberia by our Federal Government. This was done so that the Eskimos might become a self-supporting people. The total importation from 1892 to 1902 was 1,280 animals; by 1910 they numbered 27,000, in 1915 they totaled 70,000, and to-day there are more than 260,000. During this time fully 100,000 reindeer have been butchered for food and clothing.

But even to-day during winter-time it is possible to buy reindeer steak in our large hotels, and in some of the de luxe markets in the bigger cities reindeer meat is rapidly becoming a staple food. The reindeer meat is shipped to Seattle, and from there into the interior of the United States, and also by the Panama Canal around to New York, where it is sent to the largest consuming centers in the East. Reindeer promise to give the Eskimo a fascinating occupation as a herdsman and to supply the gold whereby he can purchase more of the white man's comforts of life.

This animal is particularly suited to Alaska, but few of us here in the States can tell why. If we think of it at all, we are likely to classify it vaguely as one of those deer which contribute the picturesque part to an otherwise featureless landscape of what in our ignorance we frequently term Arctic Alaska. Or we may vision the reindeer as a pack-animal upon which rides the fur-clad foreigner with high cheek bones and matted hair whom we call the Eskimo or Arctic Indian. The history of this "camel of the Arctic" dates back beyond the memory of man, deep into prehistoric times, and the evidence it brings proves beyond question that the reindeer has been one of man's best friends.

Between the tips of its snow-polished hoofs and its beautiful antlers the reindeer herding over the tundras and hills of Alaska carries the key to most of the needs of this land north of 58°, and at the same time promises eventually to offer keen competition to our herds of beef animals and sheep. The reindeer serves these people as if it were an institution made for the purpose. To be sure, the needs of this picturesque Territory, whose size is twelve times that of New York State and whose native population totals only 25,000 Eskimos and Indians, are not nearly as varied and

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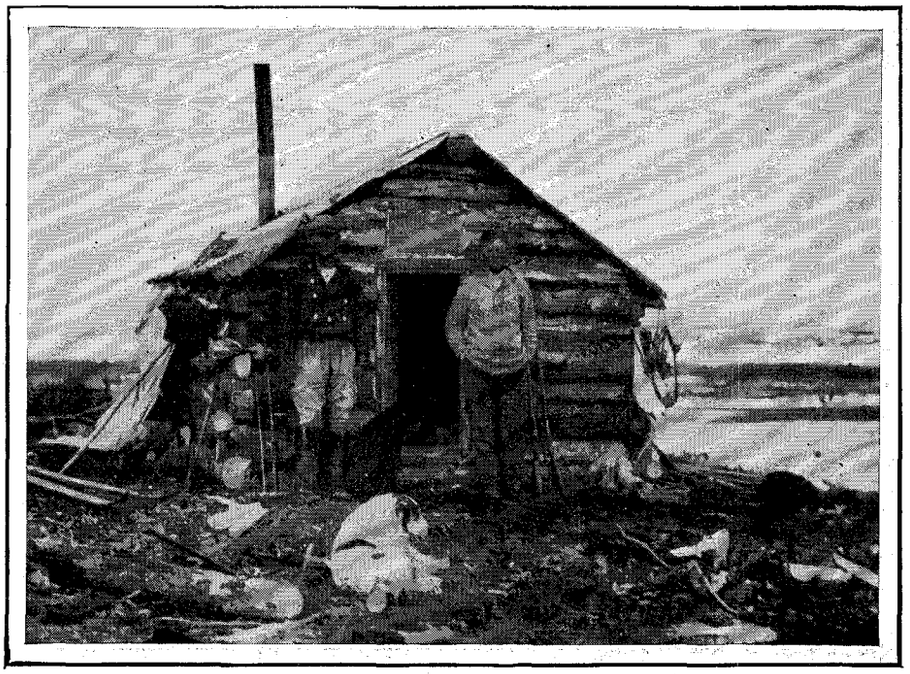

A Herder's Cabin on the Eganik Range in Alaska—the chief Lapp herder and his Eskimo assistant at front of cabin, with their herd-dogs

complex as those of our warmer climates.

Eskimos Learn to Herd Reindeer

These semi-wild, stockily built, brown furred, and beautifully antlered animals live in a picturesque Arctic setting. A herd of them make a mere dark speck amid an immense expanse of white and gray, but it holds an industrial promise. From apprentice herders to the Lapps who were brought from Siberia with the reindeer during the ten years preceding 1902 to teach Alaskans how to herd, they have themselves become herd owners. They wear clothes made of reindeer's hide and eat its flesh and carry coins in their pockets from the sale of the carcasses.

These herds increase one hundred per cent in three years, generally speaking, and the natives continue to be in possession of most of them, because the United States Government does not permit the Eskimo to sell his female increase to the white man. The reindeer herd is bringing to pass what the nomadic wandering of the Eskimo in search of seal could not accomplish. Thus the livelihood of whole communities is assured in the permanent occupation of reindeer grazing.

Building an Alaskan Industry

To date, however, the backward Eskimo, with his tradition of living from day to day, is puzzled at the commercial aspect of the reindeer business. The increase in the size of his herds is forcing modern trade upon him. He is at a loss how to market his animals. Indeed, to have to sell a thousand reindeer in the vast interior of Alaska, with no means of transportation and no local markets able to care for so many carcasses, is a problem perplexing enough to challenge the most ingenious American business man. That is how Lomen & Co., a white man's enterprise, representing the largest individual owners of reindeer in the world, their herd already numbering above 40,000 animals, has become a central figure in hewing out the future of a $30,000,000 annual reindeer trade nourished on plains hitherto conceded to be useless. These millions will be shared by large and small herd owners, filling the pockets of the Alaskan natives with wealth of which they never dreamed.

Mr. Lomen and Dr. Nelson have been largely instrumental in convincing certain Representatives and Senators that the Alaskan reindeer business is a real industry full of promising possibilities. An appropriation of $30,000 to be used in improving the herds was secured in 1920, and has been voted annually since. Dr. Nelson was given charge of the expenditure of the fund.

Peculiar Habits of the "Arctic Camel"

But Dr. Nelson believes that the time has come when the sled animals should be fed. One of the uses made of the $30,000 fund granted him is the feeding of fawns. He thinks it can be demonstrated that the reindeer can hold its endurance in traveling as the horse does if it is properly fed and rests at night instead of hunting moss. He says herd owners are using dog teams to take them to and from the grazing lands, though it would be better to use reindeer, because they are larger and their legs are longer and stronger. However, the number of sled-drawing reindeer will be small in comparison with the thousands running on the pastures half wild, half domesticated.

The more one learns about them, the more fascinating they become. While their antlers are young and growing they are a care to the animal rather than a protection. They are easily injured, and an injury may cause death. After they are grown and the velvet has peeled off, leaving a smooth, hard surface, their pronged branches serve as a shield and a spear. In flight through the thick underbrush, and Alaska has such growth, they protect the animal's eyes. The mother reindeer do not shed their antlers until late in the spring. Before this the stouter, heavier bucks have lost theirs, and so the mothers with young fawn have the advantage in finding food. But the male reindeer have their day in the autumn, during the mating season, and with their antlers as spears or lances they fight duels frequently to the death of one of the combatants. It may be that it is just after these bloody battles that St. Nick selects from among the victors the team to bear Christmas joy over the world.

The children's dreams of scaling hoofs on the housetops are no more exciting than the actual habits of the animals as they wander over the frozen North. An entire herd will move over the pastures in the direction facing the wind. When herdsmen have lost trace of their grazing animals, they know where to search for them. Another mystery of the reindeer is its ability to find its way back to its own pasture when it is turned loose from the sled it has drawn for many, many miles. It might almost be said that Santa Claus can free his reindeer team at the farthest corner of the earth and before the next Yuletide he will find it in its Arctic home again. Perhaps the legend of the Christmas reindeer scaling the housetop has come from the marvelous sureness of foot of the young fawn. It begins when only a few hours old to travel in the deep snow and over rough surface. It is not like a colt in this respect, but is a good traveler from birth. Nothing about the reindeer is more curious than its habit when made into a sled-drawing animal. It goes at high speed for the first few days (it has a record of five miles in fifteen minutes), and at night, instead of being fed, finds its own food by pawing the snowy earth for the lichen moss. Gradually as the journey proceeds its endurance diminishes and its speed grows less day by day, but not until it has used up the last bit of the two masses of fat on its back does it lose spirit and is unable to go on.

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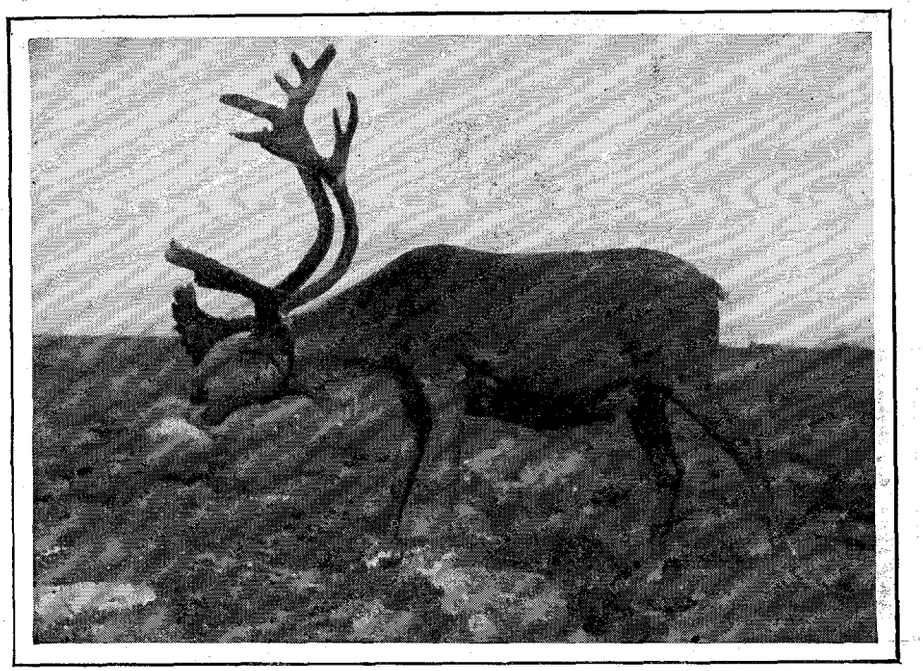
and true to its instinct, ages old, it finds its old pasture.

Learning from the White Man

In the large grazing tracts near Nome, where the big herds of Lomen & Co. wander for miles toward the interior of Alaska, and again up and down the coast, the searchers after gold passed more than a generation ago. Little did they guess that the "barren land" over which they made their way, suffering cold and hunger, held a fortune more certain than their wild hunt for the yellow dust.

In dumb wonder the short, fur-clad natives stared from their snow huts at the seekers for gold. Sometimes the white men warmed themselves by the oil flames lighted within the dark houses, but when they went their way the Eskimo's life was unchanged and he went on living from day to day his lonely existence. Now on these plains the white man's reindeer ranches are industrial schools for the natives who work upon them. They live as on a ranch, doing the day's work with the white man. In the winter when the reindeer are led into the corrals to select the animals that will bear the next season's young the Eskimo in holiday spirit is there to help and to look on. He sees the white man's gentleness in tending the reindeer and his skill in directing the chosen ones to the proper passages, called chutes, where they can go to their pastures without having suffered fright or injury. In the fall the slaughtering pen is another demonstration lesson to the Eskimo, and in his friendliness to his white friend he is not afraid to ask questions nor does he resent being told how to do his part of the work as it should be done.

The grazing and managing of a reindeer herd have the greatest possibilities for the Government expert anxious to advance the reindeer business. It used to be that each man owning a few reindeer would be his own herder. The animals are now put under a single herdsman, thus permitting owners to turn to other labor. Before improved management of herds came individual owners were allowed to disturb the animals whenever they chose to butcher or brand the fawns, or take away reindeer from the herd. In well-managed herds the animals are disturbed only three times; in the spring when the fawns are marked, in autumn for selecting animals for market, and in winter to separate the reindeer who will bear young.



Alaskan reindeer steer in summer condition (July). At this time of the year the animals are fat, but the meat is watery and the fat reddish

One of the specialists in Alaska sent by Dr. Nelson is a veterinarian, and he is applying preventive medicine. Broken horns are common accidents and often result in the death of the animal. By rounding up the herd in a large inclosure with gates, chutes, and holding pens properly arranged many accidents that resulted when the reindeer were roped can be prevented. The veterinarian is teaching the herders when to have the fall, winter, and spring round-ups, and how to avoid rough handling and to speed their work so as to keep the animals disturbed as short a time as possible.

Improving upon Nature

With such private concerns helping to make the already thoroughly established reindeer business of large commercial interest, many details in reindeer grazing and reindeer husbandry take on a new significance to the owners. Bringing the blood of the three-hundred-pound wild caribou into the reindeer herd, and thus increasing the size of the stock, is a possibility of good promise. The two animals mix readily. A uniform time of butchering when the flesh is at its best, cooperative cold-storage plants, careful selection of breeding animals, the fencing of grazing land, and better means of transportation are problems facing the Government agents.

The animal's interesting history, its peculiar temperament and picturesque qualities, are forced into the background by the practical problems that face herders, owners, market men, Government experts, and others, who work on the extensive grazing pastures. These pioneers in the reindeer industry struggle against the meager means of transportation in the interior of Alaska and the accumulative indifference both in Alaska and the States to the far-reaching possibilities of the Alaska reindeer.

Reindeer shedding their coats with the oncoming of warm weather, about the first of July

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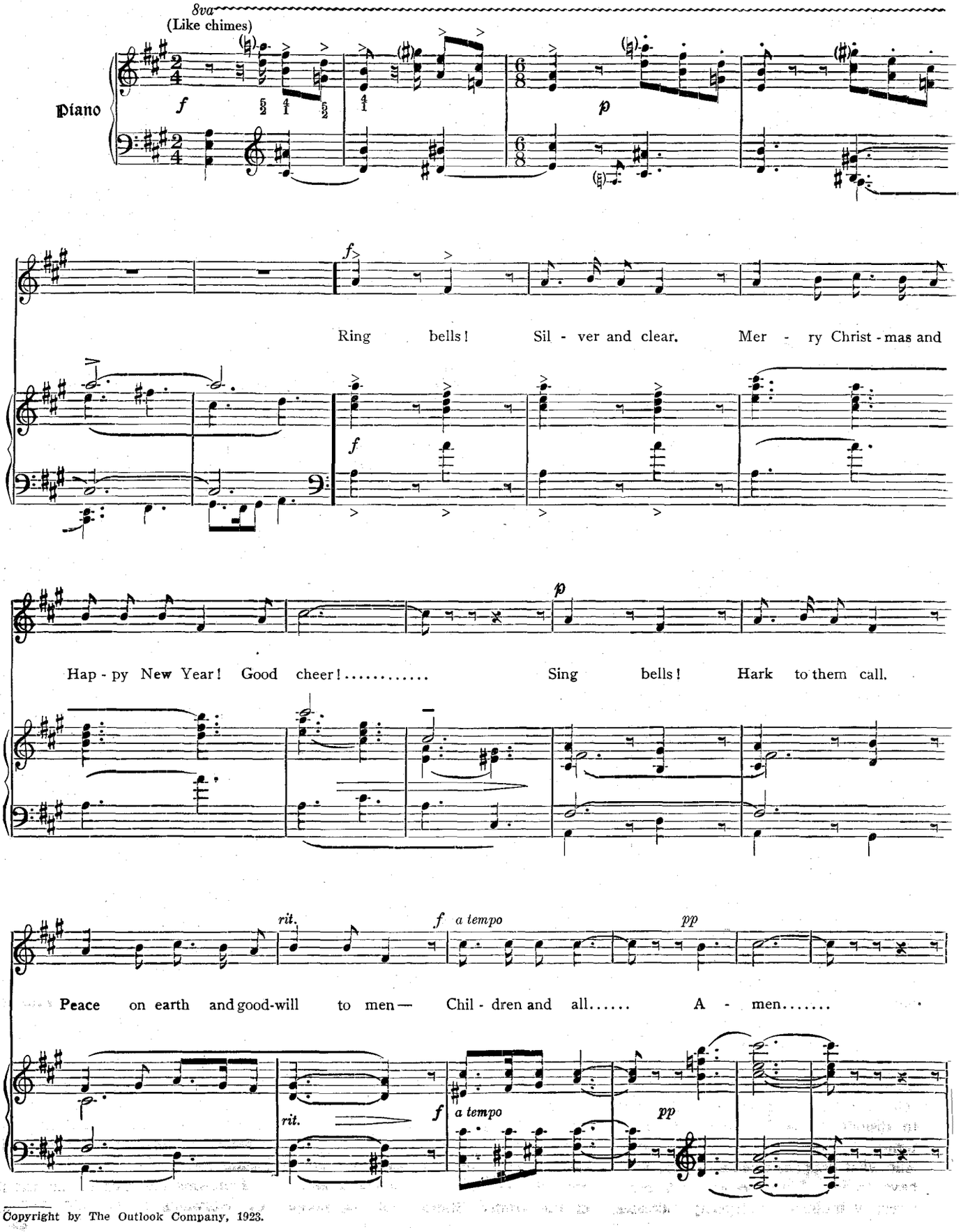
A Song for Christmas

Music by

DANIEL GREGORY MASON

Allegro giocoso

8va
(Like chimes)
Piano
f
p
Ring bells! Sil - ver and clear. Mer - ry Christ - mas and
Hap - py New Year! Good cheer!..... Sing bells! Hark to them call.
rit.
a tempo
pp
Peace on earth and good-will to men— Chil - dren and all..... A - men.....

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Over the Top of the World

A prophecy of what we may expect from the Navy's scientific gamble with a Polar flight

By Lieutenant-Commander Fitzhugh Green, U. S. N.

WITH taxes soaring and our nerves still a little on edge from war's aftermath, it is not surprising that the Navy's proposed transpolar flight with its huge new dirigible, the Shenandoah, next summer has stirred up adverse criticism.

But there is more common sense in the scheme than meets the unaided eye.

Assume that the Navy spends $25,000,000 to build and send a pioneer dirigible across the polar sea. That is really more than it will cost; but we can afford to be generous on paper. Also several attempts may have to be made before success will be attained.

The exploit will establish at once the practicability of using the polar route five months in the year, from May to September, inclusive, when air conditions in the north are ideal.

Almost immediately will follow some diversion of express, light freight, and passenger service to the new route. That this is unavoidable will be seen from a glance at a map of the world. Existing travel lanes between Europe and the Orient are over 11,000 miles in length. Across the pole the same interval is near 5,000 miles, or less than half.

Connect these figures with our export trade last year. In 1922 we supplied the Orient with $480,856,406 worth of goods. To North Europe and Scandinavia we sent in round numbers a total passing $500,000,000. Compute the carriage charges on a billion dollars' worth of freight and take half of it. That figure—it runs into millions—is what Scandinavia and Japan will profit when the polar route shall enable them to exchange direct what each must now buy singly on the opposite side of the globe.

Go back to our $25,000,000 investment. What ships carry freight in and out of our American ports? Mostly British. Why? Because, generally speaking, they were there first. In other words, it is an established axiom of international sea-borne trade that the fellow first on the ground is the hardest to dislodge. He has what our slang terms a "bulge" on the rest of the gang. And what happens when a nation's ships have trade? Their owners pay taxes, direct or indirect. Prosperity increases. The nation grows richer. A careful estimate indicates that we shall have our $25,000,000 back in about ten years. After that it should pay increasing dividends past a minimum of ten per cent.

Does the reader recall our Nation-wide protests when we started the Panama Canal? Never pay for itself in the world! White elephant! Crazy Congress! That is, all crazy except those like the Senator who made the speech hotly criticising junketers for using naval vessels to convey them back and forth in order that their legislation on the subject might be sensible. Now the Canal is paying for itself so fast that Uncle Sam works overtime figuring out his profit.

Give a thought to what the Canal did for Cape Horn.

Of course the United States is not going to be isolated by a new trade route to the same sad degree as the Horn has been. But something of the sort will take place. And we are going to thank our lucky stars that Alaska is there like a corner service station on top of the world to sell gas and peanuts to the passers-by.

Point Barrow is just half-way across. There ought to be a metropolis on that desolate beach some day. For when dirigibles and planes are hopping in and out at the rate of several hundred every twenty-four hours, carrying goods and passengers back and forth between a billion human beings in Europe and Asia, the same thing is going to happen there that happened at Chicago.

Men called the West a woolly wilderness, just as they now call the polar sea an icy desert. But when Los Angeles and San Francisco and Seattle began doing business on a large scale with Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, as the saying is, hell began to pop. And the focus of the noise was at Chicago. Likewise, when London and Paris and Copenhagen begin their polar trade with Tokyo, Vladivostok, and Peking about the spring of 1925 Point Barrow will be spoken of by its leading citizens as the "Chicago of the North."

The Shenandoah's success will also have a tremendously beneficial effect upon the morale of commercial aviation in the United States. Of the major Powers we are the most backward nation in aircraft development. To most people the cause for our delinquency is not clear. The reason is that no one wants to put up the money. Capital cannot often be swayed toward any new project until the project is of proved value. And even after the proving there has to be some sort of bomb to provide the final jolt.

There is the case of the now famous Long Beach oil field near Los Angeles; one of the richest oil domes the world has known right in the center of a city. The first wildcat well came in in 1921. But not until a neighboring well exploded and shot a gas flame two hundred feet into the air for five days with a roar that could be heard for ten miles did capital really provide enough money to develop the field.

It is that way with the polar air route. Five months of perfect weather. Sun doesn't even set. Helium making dirigibles absolutely fool-proof. Enormous loads easily carried. Freight rates bound to be small. Development of similar routes all over the United States. But no money to put the scheme through simply because nature hasn't the means she had at Long Beach to jolt funds loose from those that have them. Hence the justice of our Navy's initiative.

One aspect of the flight is really thrilling, even while far-fetched. Amundsen's activity has drawn considerable attention to Norway's interest in the unexplored area of the polar sea. This area is over 1,000,000 square miles in extent, the largest unknown space on the globe.

During September, 1923, Norway reminded Denmark that the Vikings discovered Greenland in 985 A.D. Norse colonists followed later and by the end of the fourteenth century had built up large and wealthy villages with inhabitants to the number of 10,000. Thus, despite the fact that although Denmark sold the Virgin Islands to us in 1916 and put in the bargain that we must relinquish all claim to Peary's and Kane's explorations, her title to her Greenland settlements still seems by no means clear.

Following the train of thought set up by Norway's action and Amundsen's

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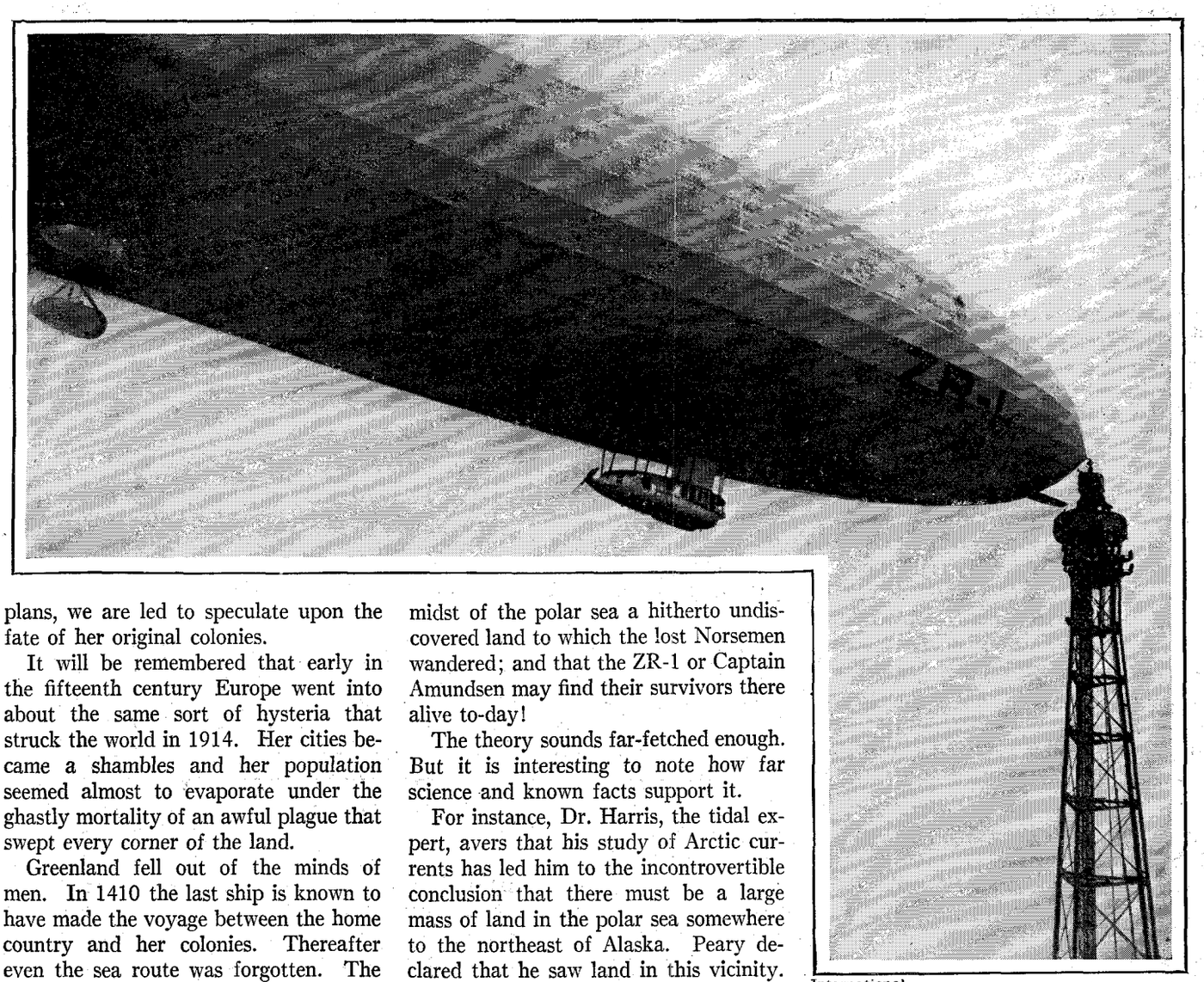

International

Shenandoah moored to aerial mast at Lakehurst. The nose of the dirigible is fastened to the 173-foot mast; a narrow passageway from the ship to the mast leads to an elevator which carries the crew to the ground

plans, we are led to speculate upon the fate of her original colonies.

It will be remembered that early in the fifteenth century Europe went into about the same sort of hysteria that struck the world in 1914. Her cities became a shambles and her population seemed almost to evaporate under the ghastly mortality of an awful plague that swept every corner of the land.

Greenland fell out of the minds of men. In 1410 the last ship is known to have made the voyage between the home country and her colonies. Thereafter even the sea route was forgotten. The happy, prosperous colonies were abandoned to their fate. In Bergen to-day may be seen the original receipts for oil and ivory that were sent by the Greenlandic pioneers as their contribution to the Crusades.

Some two hundred years later a party of Copenhagen merchants essayed a cruise to the northwest and rediscovered Greenland. They brought back the tragic news that the colony had completely disappeared!

No reasonable answer to the riddle has ever been established. The peace-loving Eskimo could not possibly have attacked the Norsemen. Eskimos have neither organization nor weapons; and they are constitutionally opposed to any sort of combativeness. The white men did not sail away in ships, for they had no ships, nor lumber to make more of. Disease was not the cause of their disappearance, for germs do not flourish in that climate.

Native tradition describes the Norwegians emigrating in a body towards the north. Moreover, the Eskimos claim that a land of moderate climate and game aplenty lies that way.

Whence we may arrive at the fascinating conclusion that there may be in the midst of the polar sea a hitherto undiscovered land to which the lost Norsemen wandered; and that the ZR-1 or Captain Amundsen may find their survivors there alive to-day!

The theory sounds far-fetched enough. But it is interesting to note how far science and known facts support it.

For instance, Dr. Harris, the tidal expert, avers that his study of Arctic currents has led him to the incontrovertible conclusion that there must be a large mass of land in the polar sea somewhere to the northeast of Alaska. Peary declared that he saw land in this vicinity. Whalers cruising north of Barrow in open season have made similar reports.

Regarding a relative warmth of climate we are compelled to strain our imaginations considerably. It can be pointed out that the center of the unexplored area lies on the seismic axis of Japan and the Aleutians. And that Iceland, on the opposite shoulder of the globe, is one of the most intensely volcanic spots on earth; that an engineering project to heat the whole of Iceland by harnessing its natural sources of heat has made considerable progress; that wild orchids protected by natural springs bloom out of doors in the dead of Arctic winter at Disco, Greenland. All in a way indicate that a territory heated by subterranean fires is a conceivable phenomenon even in the center of the polar sea.

But it is by no means necessary to go so far in order to justify the Navy in sending out the ZR-1.

The chances of land are very substantial. That it is inhabited is a good deal more remotely possible, though Stefansson found isolated Eskimos in the Coronation Gulf region that had never even heard of a white man.

The real point is that such a land, even if little more than a rocky, ice-girt mass in the middle of the polar pack, would inevitably control the polar air route.

Alaska is not more strategically situated than Iceland or Spitzbergen on the European side, or northeast Siberia on the Asiatic side. We may look for its profiting in the early years of Arctic aviation mostly because we are in a position to sustain it economically. But from an ultimate military point of view Alaska is not wholly what we want in that region.

More to our taste would certainly be a terrestrial oasis somewhere between Alaska and the Pole. That there is such an oasis we have excellent reasons to believe. But it will not be ours unless we get there first.

A final interesting point arises as to the validity of our claim even if we do get there first.

Great Britain through her Canadian sovereignty theoretically controls the

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orth American archipelago lying to-ards the Pole from Canada. In effect, e new land would belong to this cate-ory.

On the other hand, if any sort of habitants or remains of inhabitants are scovered, then Norway will have basis r her claim. Even if, as was the case Banks Land, these natives have only gns of an intermixture of white blood is possible that scientific reasoning ight lead to proof of early Norse colo-zation.

The pressure of decision in such an ent would really depend upon the mili-tary and economic outlook. There are lovely islands in the Pacific to-day that no one claims simply because they couldn't harbor a battleship, land a plane, or pay dividends on any commer-cial investment.

On the other hand, a deposit of 32,000,000 tons of coal was recently dis-covered in Saskatchewan; and oil is now flowing within a stone's throw of the Arctic Circle. So the new-found polar continent may prove a rich bone to squabble over, after all.

Summing up: The ZR-1's transpolar flight is daring but not foolhardy. It is expensive but not extravagant. It covers a desert of ice, but one which, like other deserts, may contain an oasis. The Navy's investment can pay no dividends; yet its exploration may lead to enormous National profit both in dollars and in security. The flight may be called a stunt, and propaganda, and waste of gov-ernmental money meant for things nearer home. Yet spectacular means are some-times required to rouse us from our daily lethargy. And nothing is waste of money that bids sincerely and with rea-sonable chance of success for our coun-try's security, prosperity, and prestige.

A Candle for St. Bridget

An Irish Tale of an American Christmas

By RUTH SAWYER

AFTER a decade the words of old Michael Donnelly come back to me again: "Aye, it takes more ır a handful o' years for a good tale to pen."

And why not? Old wine, old friends, ed the test of time to prove their ex-llence; why should we hasten the mel-wing of a good story? Here, at any te, is one that is well ripened. It has do with Michael Donnelly himself, ıd with his kindred. It would have pped entirely from my memory if I ıd not chanced into the Little Church St. Anthony the other day and found single candle burning before a saint.

Long ago I went into Ireland, pre-mably to interview Sir Horace Plunkett ɔout the Congested District Board and s dairy and cottage industries; what I tually did was to follow the trail of ish folk and fairy lore and search out ery likely story-teller from Mallin ead to Cork. That is how I came upon ichael Donnelly in his little cabin on e moors of Donegal.

The cabin was perched alone at the ry borderland where moorland stopped ıd the rough, sea-hewn cliffs of the lster coast began. There was another bin, I remember, in the hollow of the nd a mile or so back; but for that, east, ɔst, north, and south there wasn't an-her sign of life except the sea-mews at whirled and screamed over the cliffs ıere they had made their nests and e lean brown hares that had burrowed the sand dunes and hunted the moors r their scanty food.

Michael Donnelly was among the last the old shanachies; by far the oldest, I had been told, and the most knowl-edgeable. I can see him now as I found him a day in early August, sitting outside the cabin sunning himself. He was pull-ing at an empty pipe for solace; I found out afterwards that he had not had to-bacco to fill it since May. He seemed centuries old; his flesh had shrunken from his frame until he was only "hide and bones," as he said. The skin was as brown and wrinkled as a butternut; his eyes were of that pale, opaque blue of extreme age, and they held the same childish look of perpetual inquiry. His lips were shirred loosely around the stem of the pipe, and from under the weather-beaten hat protruded a vagabond thatch of gray hair. I never saw Michael with-out his pipe or his hat, indoors or out.

His greeting was the characteristic Gaelic one, "A hundred thousand wel-comes to ye. 'Tis a brave day." Then he pulled out his pipe and puffed on at the empty air. "Might ye be the Wee One?" Having settled the fact of my identity, he called in a high, quavering voice, "John—Delia—both o' ye come out, 'n' bring the childher." And then, when he had his breath again, "Here's the Wee One—the Yankey lass we've been expecting this lee long time."

John came, and Delia, grandchildren of Michael's; and the "childher" he had called were his great-grandchildren. At a glance one could read the grim, gaunt poverty that was there. And later, when they took me inside the cabin to see the "wee-est" one in the cradle and have my "sup o' tea," I could feel the gnaw and stab of it. Never before had poverty taken form for me; but here it was hunched in the sooty corner of the hearth, a rattling bag of bones groping for something. But poverty was not the only indweller; there was love. One felt it stronger than poverty, and knew the reason she stayed huddled in her corner instead of stalking the cabin openly.

A brood of half a dozen aerach-shinned, half-clothed children; a sickly, stooping man with a cough and a look of hopeless failure in his eyes; a woman gaunt as poverty herself, flat-breasted, colorless, without shoes and wearing a rag of a dress; and an old man, living beyond his time and need, taking that much share of the food that might have gone into those eternally empty stomachs of the children—all these housed in a two-room cabin bare of everything but the most meager utensils of living. Such were Michael Donnelly and his kindred; and yet I would travel the length and breadth of Ireland to-day if I could only find Michael Donnelly again.

The meal chest was empty, the last pinch of tea had been used; they had boiled their last "prates" that morning for breakfast. This I found out after-wards. But with that hospitality that acknowledges no defeat Delia hung a fresh kettle on the crane over the turf and set the pan warming against the making of griddle bread; while John and the oldest child tramped to the cabin in the hollow to ask the loan of tea and meal that the stranger under their roof might not be sent hungry away. And more than that. So that the lapse of time and their small subterfuge might not be discovered old Michael crossed his hands with the dignity of that tradi-

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tional King of Ireland and asked would I like best to be hearing an old laoidhe that had to do with the wanderings of Oisin, or a tale of the blessed St. Bridget?

I chose both, and with a chuckle of delight he whispered to Delia, who knelt beside him blowing the turf: "She has the right heart in her—the Wee One. Aye, she has a bit of Irish blood herself, maybe."

So first he chanted the laoidhe of Oisin; and as I listened to those running minor cadences I knew I was hearing the man who had been the greatest story-teller of his time, who had the blood of a famous bardic family in his veins, and whose forebears had sung in the court of the High King. His Gaelic was the purest I had ever heard; and afterwards Delia told me with no small touch of pride that a certain professor from Oxford University had spent five successive summers there in Donegal to learn from him.

"Aye, 'tis the truth," agreed Michael Donnelly. "And, what's more, he's grown a fair-to-middling scholar himself now."

We had the tale of St. Bridget. The legend has long been immortalized by Fiona Macleod in those rare stories of Iona; but I heard it first from Michael Donnelly's lips that day. Long after he had finished and John had returned with the borrowings from the neighbors and Delia was baking the griddle bread beside me on the hearth I still hold the picture of that Christmas Eve in Bethlehem, when St. Bridget, through a miracle, walked from the Iona hills to Judea while a throstle sang; of how she opened the door for Mary when she came, staying to comfort her, and afterwards cradled the little Jesus on her breast while Mary slept, "tired from the birthing."

I can hear Michael Donnelly's voice now after all these years as he finished the tale: "So 'twas the Blessed Bridget herself, just, that came back as from a dream to Iona again, and her gone a year and a day. 'Twas herself had the telling of the Druids of that first Christmas and the fetching of that word of peace to the people yondther. And to prove the truth of the word she brought, there was the shawl that bound her shoulders turned to threads of gold by the blessed touch of the Christ's own wee hands."

I remember there was gooseberry jam that day to eat with the griddle bread, and I had a new-laid egg from one of the neighbor's two hens. John had been delayed getting home because of a dispute as to whether the white one or the red one had laid it.

There was tea for all, and the family were as merry as if the meal chest had not been empty, the food on the table borrowed, and not a morsel in sight for the next day.

Luckily I had a crown with me, and when I left I slipped it in the hand of the sleeping baby. On the way down the brae I remembered to make a special prayer to St. Bridget that Delia would discover the coin before the baby woke and swallowed it. When I reached the town, I sent back the "fillings" for Michael's pipe by Mickey, the post-boy.

After that I came often; and, having accepted hospitality, I was free now to bring gifts when I came. For the rest of the summer Michael pulled at a full pipe, and I like to think that poverty had left her corner for a while at least and was stalking the moorland outside. Always Michael had a new tale to tell; he gave of his bounty with a largess that made my giving seem niggardly. And when I would exclaim with delight over something particularly rare and fine he would chuckle softly and say, "Aye, ye have that now to put in your head and take home wi' ye." And once he added, "If ye could take the time, just, to write them down, there'd be plenty of Irish lads and lasses across yondther sea homesick to be hearing them."

And next to the stories he liked best to tell of his other grandchild Cassie—sister to Delia—who had gone to America. She had done bravely, married a grand man, had two childher, bonnie ones, and like as not would bring them back for a summer visit before long. I saw Cassie's picture—a glazed cabinet photograph. She looked pretty and sweet in a flat, characterless way as she stood leaning a proud hand on the shoulder of a conscious-looking Irishman who sat and held a child on each knee.

It was late October when I sailed from Ireland, and the last person I went to see was Michael Donnelly. I think he must have been watching for me, for he was outside the cabin in spite of the raw wind that blew over the hills. A homespun shawl muffled him all but his clay pipe; he huddled hard to the wall in the sheltered side of the cabin, and I had not breasted the hill before he had seen me and was on his feet waving his welcome with both hands.

"Sure wasn't I telling Delia ye'd be back for one more tale afore ye sailed home? 'Twas this very day I said, 'Delia, ye mark me well—'tis the Wee One will be here afore candle ti again.'" He was like a child in his gl ness—a child who has thrown care a the morrow to the four winds and kn nothing beyond what contentment day may bring.

It was a day of celebration; we h currants in the griddle bread, a Mickey, the post-boy, dropped in for "sup o' tea." I was given a free cho of all the stories I would be hear again, and I chose St. Bridget. W the moor wind caoining around chimney and the turf blazing high, children stretched on the clay floor, a Delia with her foot on the cradle keep the "wee-est one" hushed, Michael t us over the hills again to Bethlehem the manger wherein Mary had laid baby. We saw the byre with its r stalls and the crib where the hay stacked; we saw the gray donkey mun ing contentedly and Joseph, fal asleep; and we saw Bridget stoop a take the baby to her own heart and cr him his first cradle-song. All this saw by "the light of the Wee Chi own glory" and the gift of Michael D nelly's tongue.

A few times, from far off, I h glimpsed Bethlehem; but that is the c time I have ever entered there.

It was dark before the leave-taki were over and I was on my way d the brae with Michael's last words in ears: "Ye'll mind, whatever else ye get, ye'll mind to find my Cassie. tell her we're after doin' grand. her ye've seen Delia and the child and they were all doin' grand. Tell ye've seen her grandda and he was l ing braver than any one. Tell her th. And then, when the wind lulled, "(and Mary go with ye!"

When I sailed from Londonde Mickey, the post-boy, sailed steer He was going to America to try his tune, and took my address as a cha milestone. I saw him several times board and again just before landing. eyes were showing the homesick plainly by that time, and he clung to feverishly. "I might be afther co soon to see ye. Maybe ye'd be a lonesome yerself for an Irish face," suggested, eagerly.

And I had to agree that it was n than probable.

But Mickey did not come. I m one attempt to find Cassie at the add Michael had given me, and learned she had moved away more than a y before. The janitor of the apartm referred me to the corner grocer likely person who had been better quainted with Cassie's family than had been. But I gave up the quest

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e janitor's door, went home, and for-
t.

HRISTMAS Eve came. I was tying up
the last of the home packages. I had
e usual fagged-out holiday feeling, and
c sight of tissue paper, holly ribbon,
d Christmas seals made me honestly
k. If I could have yielded up my con-
ousness then and there and spent the
xt day in oblivion, I should have been
voutly thankful. There were two gold
ces—one for our old Negro laundress
d the other for Ole Jensen, the janitor;
d I remember I was trying to think of
ne appropriate way to give them.
ey were both in the hollow of my
m when the telephone rang. At such
es we always petition the heavens
t the call may be a mistake; but it
er is. This time our hall-boy reported
person below who would not give his
me but insisted that he must see me.
minute or so later Mickey, the post-
y, was standing on the threshold; he
ld not be persuaded to step inside.
He stood, blue with cold, twirling his
uncomfortably and dumbly looking
me as if I held the key to his tongue.
Vell, Mickey, have you come to wish
Merry Christmas?" I said stupidly
the want of something better to say.
"Not that; I wasn't thinkin' that," he
mmered. " 'Twas Cassie. Ye mind
Michael Donnelly's Cassie?" He
pped; his face was working hard
inst numbness or emotion.
I waited for him to go on, knowing he
uld take his own time whether I hur-
d him or not. "Cassie—she's—took
trouble."
'What trouble?"
'I'll be tellin' ye what trouble while
're goin' down." He looked at me
ibtfully only an instant. "Ye'll go."
was not a question. "She's needin'
ne one mortal bad, I'm thinkin'."
As I turned to get ready he caught at
arm. "If ye've got a bit o' silver
idy now, 'twould come in"—his
rds trailed off into nothing.
Wrapped better against the night's
d than Mickey was, I followed him
o a Battery train and there listened to
story. He had gone to the old ad-
ss as I had and failed. Then by the
rest luck he had gone into the Little
urch for early mass that morning and
ght a half-glimpse of a face that
ked homelike. He had followed it to
enement near Rector Street and had
n the shawled figure go in without
ching another glimpse of the face. For
f an hour or so he had hung around
door, and then Cassie had come out.
changed Cassie whom he did not fully
cognize until she had gone her way. It
was then too late to follow her, so he had gone inside and found the neighbor from across the hall. After that he had gone to his own day's work.

"Her man's dead—died a year gone with consumption. The long illness and the doctor took all the savings. She works in some factory makin' skirts. The neighbor looks afther the childher along of her own for a shillin' a day. 'Tis a fight wi' the wolf from day's end to day's end, and at last the wolf's masther." So Mickey ended it.

What Michael Donnelly had said came back to me: "She's doin' bravely an' married a grand man." And then the message he had sent to her, "Tell her we're afther doin' grand. Tell her ye've see her grandda, and he be's looking braver than any one." It had been a game of deception played between them with pride and a great love for partners.

We walked a half-dozen blocks from the station. Mickey led the way, always a yard or two ahead, so eager was he to get there. It was a wretched smear of a street; the tenement sagged and smelled even in that clear, frosty air. A foul, dingy flare of gas lighted the hall and did service for the four flights of stairs going up. Mickey stumbled ahead; I followed the sound. I knew we had reached another landing. I was half-way up the last flight when he had reached the door and was knocking; by the time I had come up with him the door was open. I can see the room now, lighted by a single tallow dip; I can see Cassie in her black dress and her red eyes, all courage and hope gone out of them. She must have been crying bitterly. All the prettiness had gone from her face; what sorrow and work had put there had not shown in the photograph.

There was no need to tell of her year of wrestling with death and the losing; or her longer fight with hunger and want and the battle lost there—for it was all in her face for the most casual passer-by to read. She looked towards the open door blankly. To her we were just two figures out in the dark of the hall.

"Is it some one from home—some one from the Old Country?" I heard her ask it more to herself than to us. Then she snatched up the candle and held it where she could see our faces. The flame barely grazed Mickey's nose and his breath made it flare brighter, which brought a little gasp from Cassie.

"Holy God! If it isn't Wullie Baron's Mickey! Lad, lad, where did ye drop from this bitther night?" She put the candle back on the table and steadied herself.

Mickey pulled me into the room after him and all in a breath explained me and the messages I had fetched with me from Michael Donnelly. Cassie's eyes burned into mine; her hands fluttered like white birds over her breast. I could see the cords in her slim throat tighten like whipcords. "He's doin' brave?" she managed to ask.

Mickey cut me short, "Aye, brave as any young buchail! Ye should see him in his Sunday brogues steppin' out spry as a cricket to chapel. And the tales as thick on his tongue as ripe gooseberries! She can tell ye the same," and he wagged a thumb at me. "She was hearing a hundthred or more o' them herself this summer. She can tell ye Michael Donnelly's doin' brave."

Her hands fluttered from her breast to me, and I felt them colder than mine for an instant—"Bless ye for comin', bless ye for comin' *this night!*"

After that she stood dazed and uncertain. My eyes followed hers about the bare room that was everything but a bedroom. A half-drunk cup of black tea stood on a corner of the table that was bare but scrubbed clean; there was no fire in the small stove. Two plain pine chairs, a baby's high-chair, a handful of dishes, a kettle, a griddle, and a pot; and across the room a line stretched on which hung two thin little cotton shirts and two small pairs of darned black stockings. At one end of the room was a built-in cupboard. It was on this that Cassie's eyes rested longest. It was so easy to read her thoughts. She was wondering if by wishing hard she could put a loaf of bread and a tin of tea and a bag of sugar on those empty shelves. With a little tired shake of the head she turned from the cupboard and drew out a chair at the table for me.

"Ye'll be sitting down and havin' a sup o' tea," she said it with a smile; and, picking up the kettle from the cold stove, she went out, across the hall to her neighbor's, shutting the door carefully behind her. Irish hospitality held here in a New York tenement even as it had in Donegal; and once again one of Michael Donnelly's grandchildren went out to borrow food from a neighbor that the stranger within her door might be fed.

Mickey broke the silence: " 'Twas as the neighbor-woman said—she said she'd the notion Cassie hadn't a mouthful of anything in the house for the morrow. Ye can see for yourself the stove's as cold as a wet gandther."

I took out the "bit o' silver" I had been admonished to bring and passed it across the table to Mickey. "Being a post-boy in Donegal isn't bad training. They used to say back there that you could buy more for a sovereign and fetch it quicker than another living soul."

Mickey grinned. "Aye, more an'

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fasther." He took out two bills and some change from his own pocket. "Coupled to yours 'twill make a fair showin'. Did ye mind that corner store as we came through? It had everything from geese to red apples in it. Shall I bide till Cassie gets back or go now?"

For a moment I wavered, and then one of the real inspirations of a lifetime came: "Wait and take Cassie with you. There's a lot of extra fun to be had in spending gift-money." And Mickey grinned harder than ever and added, "Aye, rain has a blessed feelin' afther a long drouth."

It was not long after that when Cassie returned. She brought a steaming kettle and a pot of tea, and went back for a plate of bread and "fixings," meaning sugar and milk for the tea and some jam to spread on the bread. She served us and herself and forced a touch of merriment into her smile. "If I'd known, I might have made a bakin' of griddle bread," she said; and then, "Isn't Delia the rare hand at mixing it with currants?"

Once I caught her stopping as she ate and looking with quick, startled eyes at the closed door of the next room—the room where her children must be sleeping. Again I read her thoughts. She was eating bread that might stay their hunger on the morrow. After that she just drank her tea and slipped her slice of bread into her lap; and when Mickey and I made a pretense of quarreling over the likeliest place in Donegal to find white heather she got up from the table and put it into the cupboard.

After the pot was drained I left Mickey to do the rest. He got up from the table and took Cassie's shawl down from a peg on the door. " 'Tis Christmas Eve," he said by way of explanation, "and the two of us are goin' out to see can we find anything to treat the wran-boys. The Wee One will mind the childher."

The wran-boys are an old Irish institution. Like the English waits, they go from door to door begging hospitality; and bad luck to any soul too stingy to give it. It was Mickey's way of saying Christmas cheer was at hand. Cassie went without a protest, and I listened to their feet stumbling down the dark stairs again. It was rare good fortune that Cassie lived in a neighborhood where immediate necessity was the watchword and where the local trade catered to that eleventh-hour stroke of luck. As long as humanity was abroad the stores kept open. I knew Mickey could get coal and food aplenty; and something extra in the way of playthings and sweets for the children. And thinking of the children, I opened the door to the next room and went in.

They were lying side by side in a small iron crib with an empty cot beside it for Cassie. The room was bitter cold—colder than the kitchen. Cassie had taken the blanket and quilt from her own bed to put over them. I looked at the naked, stripped cot and wondered how she expected to sleep that night. Two piles of nondescript thin little garments were on a chair; two stubbed-out pairs of shoes, one lace, one button, both with soles worn through, stood neatly heel to heel beside the chair. A candle was burning in the room, and I started to get it, so that I might see better the faces of the children; but I stopped halfway. The candle was not just a candle, its purpose was not to give light. It was a flickering little shaft of prayer—a petition burning through a bitter night to reach the all-hearing ears; to touch the all-pitying heart. I stooped to look closer at the small plaster figure in front of which the candle was burning. It was St. Bridget.

Hard as I looked at Cassie's children, I could see no sign of misery on their small round faces. By that miracle of motherhood Cassie had kept them well fed, strong, and happy; she had taken all the bitterness and pinch of suffering to her own heart. The boy was dark, the girl fair; I knew if those shut eyelids should lift I would see deep-blue eyes—Irish eyes; and the cheeks had that soft ravishing pink of a sweetbrier. They were bonnie children, as Michael Donnelly had said—that much at least had been free of deception. Before I went back to the kitchen I picked out a lace shoe and a button one and dropped Molly's gold piece in one and Ole Jensen's in the other. Checks would do well enough for them in the morning. Then I put the shoes very properly beside St. Bridget; the gift was hers.

Cassie, Mickey, and the grocery boy made a gayer entrance than Mickey and I had made. They were laden, so to speak, to the teeth. Mickey carried the basket of food, the grocery boy followed bent double under the sack of coal, and Cassie hugged the precious things under her shawl. Her heart flew into her eyes like a bird uncaged. Here was something more than Christmas cheer.

While Mickey laid a fire in the stove Cassie sat down and spread her things on the table. It was a mystery to me how she had bought them all: two small woolen shirts, mittens, red yarn for hoods, and a length of flannel for petticoats and knickers. "Warm," she said, fingering them coaxingly. And then she passed them to me. "Feel the g warmth in them. Aye, the winther w can blow now."

I looked anxiously for the toys. Th were a drum and a tin engine with for the boy, a doll and a small war china tea-set for the girl. This time C sie read my thoughts. " 'Tis enough, more. Wi' the sweets Mickey has t in the baskets they'll be singin' like l in the morning." Then her hands w back to the warm things again; caught up the yarn. "There'll be work to-morrow in the shop, and Sunday coming I can get the hoods d this day week. The last time I had t out the poor wee things cried wi' frost in their ears." There was no tile wailing over the past, no marsha of dead ghosts to haunt that Christm time; only a deep contentment and c age again to face the days that were c ing. That was Cassie.

Far into the night we sat and plann better future for her and the chil —work that would pay better, fresh outings, the possibility of getting place of matron on one of the day rec tion boats, so that she could have children with her through the sum Under the glow of promise and warming cheer of the stove month agony were wiped out of her face as we watched her. The kettle was fi fresh, and close to midnight we ha have another drinking of tea. C was turning our cups preparatory reading a fortune in each when the of the Little Church suddenly rang clear and sweet. Christmas had com

Softly we stood. Cassie crossed self, and her face grew exquisitely ten She tiptoed towards the door of the room and beckoned us after her. On threshold she pointed to St. Bridget, candle was almost burned out.

"Ye mind the story?" she whispe "Like as not ye had it from gran when ye were yonder. I was tellin again to the childher last night, and said—'twas Jamie that said it: thinkin' that we'd best light a candl St. Bridget this night to see would find the way here to us as she fo it' "— It was never finished, somet caught at Cassie's throat and choked words. She flung a hand across eyes, and just then the candle flick out.

I can see her face now as she stoo the top of the stairs and lighted us d We were almost at the bottom when voice came after us in farewell: "(and Mary keep ye! If ever ye sh be writing home, mind ye tell grand be's doing brave."

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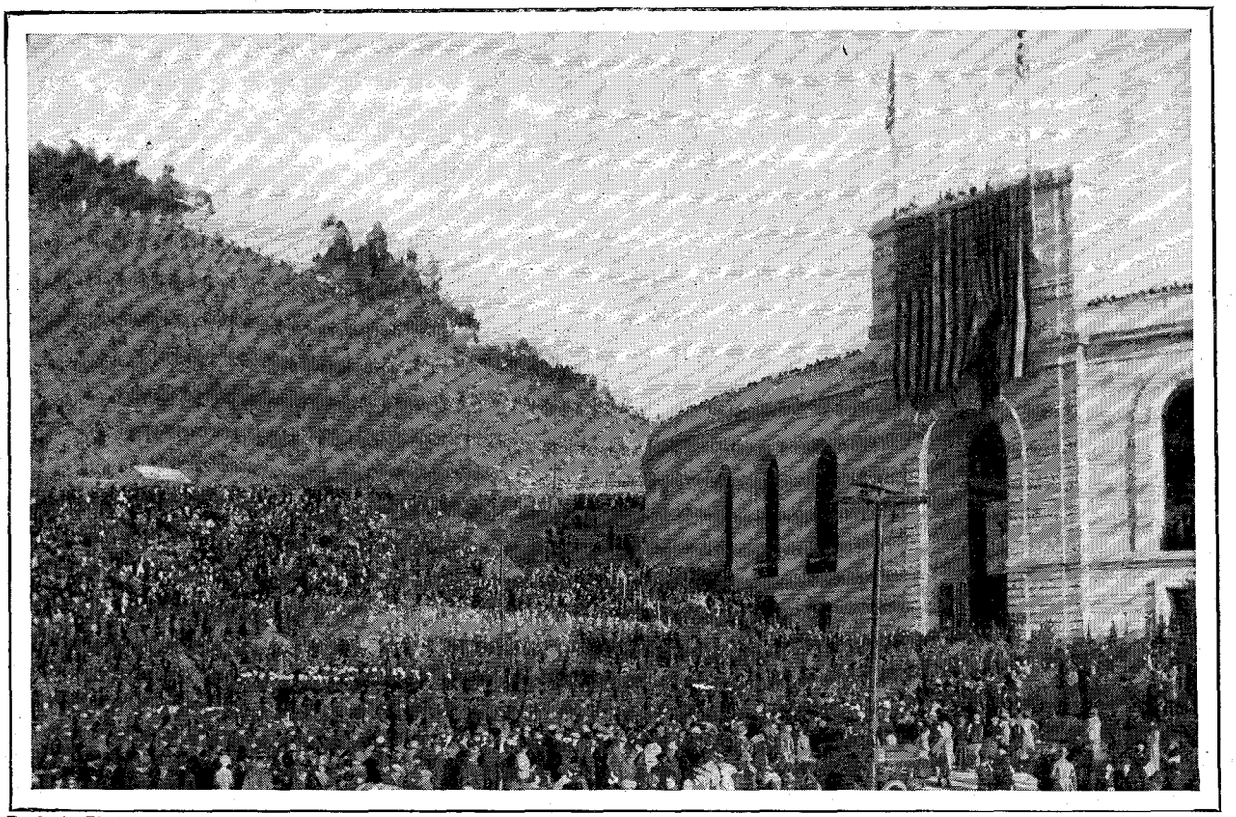
Where Californians Foregather



P. & A. Photos

The University of California's Memorial to its Students Who Died in the World War

The scene is at the dedication, November 23, of the Stadium of the University of California. John R. Quinn, an alumnus of the University and the newly elected National Commander of the American Legion, was the principal speaker before the audience of 25,000. The main entrance of the Stadium is here shown

International

A Few of California's Automobiles at a Los Angeles Speedway

A 250-mile automobile race brought together 80,000 spectators at the Beverly Hills Speedway, Los Angeles. Most of them apparently came in their own cars, as the picture indicates

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The Book Table

The Poet of the New Hampshire Hills

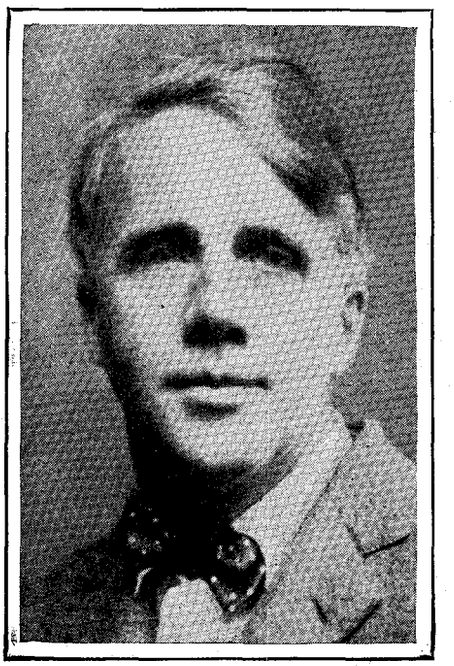
By David Morton

TO reveal the eccentricities of temperament in a strongly charactered people, and to do this in a vivid and rememberable way, is a valuable service to the picturesque and entertaining in art. That it is not the very greatest achievement possible to poetry needs but to be stated to be self-evident. Beyond that lies the revelation of the profound and essential and universal qualities of the human spirit that underlie all peculiarities of temperament, all accident of environment. Mr. Frost, we are led to believe, would be the first to disclaim any attempt at this latter and ampler task, and declare his purposes in terms of the former. In fact, in the title poem in this collection he says, perhaps with not quite this meaning, but certainly with exact identification: "I'm what is called . . . an environmentalist."

To the consistent reader of Frost "New Hampshire" [1] will represent a definite—if not final—choice of direction among several tendencies discernible in the earlier books. One may, for reasons of taste and others, quarrel with that choice. But the success of the achievement in the chosen field is beyond cavil. What he has elected to do he has done vividly and with telling and haunting effect. And that is to present in heightened and intense light and shadow the peculiar character of a people in a special environment. Thus the whole aim is special and peculiar and restricted. It is not the universal human qualities underlying all temperamental divergencies which interest him, but these divergencies themselves.

This is the theme of Mr. Frost's latest volume as a whole. It is the part of his work, moreover, which has atracted most attention and which in the mind of the public has defined his place. One hears little enough of some of the earlier poems —and indeed some of the later—which partake of this character not at all. One is led to believe that in this Mr. Frost's aim and the public's definition are at one; for in all his writing after "A Boy's Will" there is a perceptible progression in this department of his work. It is a far cry, for example, from "A Prayer in Spring," typical of the poetry in "A Boy's Will," to—let us say—"The Axe-Helve," in the latest volume. Yet it is the same poet writing; one feels the same personality behind the two, the same

[1] New Hampshire. By Robert Frost. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.50.



Robert Frost

distinctive quality of mind. And the connecting links are to be found in the books "North of Boston" and "Mountain Interval." One reads "A Boy's Will" and sees several possible lines of development, and in "Mountain Interval" and "North of Boston" encounters less of pure lyricism or universal emotions and more attention to the eccentricities of a peculiar people dominated and shaped by a peculiar environment, and thus is prepared for "New Hampshire," so large a part of which is given over to this undertaking. Read, for example, this "Prayer in Spring," from "A Boy's Will:"

A PRAYER IN SPRING

Oh, give us pleasure in the flowers today;
And give us not to think so far away
As the uncertain harvest; keep us here
All simply in the springing of the year.

Oh, give us pleasure in the orchard white,
Like nothing else by day, like ghosts by night;
And make us happy in the happy bees,
The swarm dilating round the perfect trees.

And make us happy in the darting bird
That suddenly above the bees is heard,
The meteor that thrusts in with needle bill,
And off a blossom in mid-air stands still.

For this is love and nothing else is love,
The which it is reserved for God above
To sanctify to what far ends he will,
But which it only needs that we fulfill.

And then "The Impulse," from "Mountain Interval:"

THE IMPULSE

It was too lonely for her there,
And too wild,
And since there were but two of them,
And no child,

And work was little in the house,
She was free,
And followed where he furrowed field,
Or felled tree.

She rested on a log and tossed
The fresh chips,
With a song only to herself
On her lips.

And once she went to break a bough
Of black alder.
She strayed so far she scarcely heard
When he called her—

And didn't answer—didn't speak—
Or return.
She stood, and then she ran and hid
In the fern.

He never found her, though he looked
Everywhere,
And he asked at her mother's house
Was she there.

Sudden and swift and light as that
The ties gave,
And he learned of finalities
Besides the grave.

And if this reading is followed by a reading of "The Axe-Helve"—with its half-formed thoughts, scarcely more than perplexed consciousness—it is possible to trace Mr. Frost's growth of interest in the experiences of folk whose lives are hard and dark and almost altogether physical.

The title poem of "New Hampshire"—more of which later—is not in the main current of this choice and development. One must turn to such poems as "The Star Splitter," "The Axe-Helve," "Paul's Wife," "Two Witches," and "A Fountain, a Bottle, a Donkey's Ears and Some Books," to find the most graphic revelation of peculiar phenomena transpiring in queer chambers of consciousness.

Corresponding with these eccentric processes of thought and feeling as reported in the poems is the idiomatic quality in the medium. It is a medium frequently awkward in itself, sometimes even obscure, but suited to the business in hand. Familiarity with the New England country and its people is not, think, a necessary circumstance to understanding the language and the thought and feeling back of it. Once I was present at a spirited controversy between two excellent critics as to the significance of Robert Frost—the one contending that

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is poetry could make no claim to great
d lasting art, because of its exceedingly
ovincial character, unintelligible to
aders unfamiliar to the section, and the
her answering with the names of
ante and Burns. It seemed to me then,
d it seems to me now, that neither
oint of view touched the case of Frost
th exactness. I cannot believe that a
ader a thousand miles away and a
ndred years hence would fail of Frost's
eaning in the most colloquial of his
ems. But neither do I think that this
because of the universality of human
ship in all essential feeling which
aders Dante and Burns intelligible to
y age and any country. George
oore's famous dictum that "Art, to
come universal, must first be provin-
al," means, I think, not merely the
vious and fundamental truth that was
the mind of the second critic, but also
at life—even where it is more or less
olated and individualized and peculiar
must be allowed to transpire in art in
own way and in its own language. We
ay count upon a certain universality of
mprehension of life for life wherever it
pears and with whatever eccentric ges-
re. The differences and divergencies
e largely of degree and development,
t of essence. All the potentialities are
every man.

All that has been said here has been
the subject of Frost as a poet of a
stricted area and people—this, because
is that part of his poetry which gives
m a striking and special significance in
odern poetry, and because apparently
is upon that work that he and his read-
s place a conscious and calculating
mphasis. But any view of his work
hich sees this, and only this, would ex-
ude much that is moving and beautiful
d that may be—who knows?—in the
ng wash of time, more lasting. In "A
oy's Will" is much that is fresh and
vely in youth's perennial reaction to
e dewy world in which it finds itself set
own.

There is nothing special or peculiar
eccentric about the feeling or its
terance, in the sense in which those
ords have been used of his New Eng-
nd poems. The same is true of some
the poems in the other volumes—
utting in the Seed," "Loneliness" in
Mountain Interval," and, curiously
ough, even of more of the poems in
New Hampshire." Certainly no special
heritance or environment is necessary
r sharing in full the feeling of "Frag-
entary Blue," with its beautiful clarity
e morning light; or "Dust of Snow,"
"Nothing Gold Can Stay." Here are
ems of beautiful phrasing, whose feel-
g has no reference to environment or
y other accidental circumstances. We
are not accustomed to look to Frost for
the complex element that is charm, but
such poems as "The Runaway" and
"Good-Bye and Keep Cold" have the
intimacy of feeling and the unaffected
grace of easy speech that invite another
reading and another.

The title poem itself in "New Hamp-
shire" is in line with neither of these
departments of Mr. Frost's work, though
it lies nearer to the New England charac-
ter, of course. It is done with less
seriousness, with a more whimsical and
detached view of the people and the
country. It is nearer to sublimated
reporting than to high, interpretative
poetry. At no time does the reader feel
that the author is wholly identified with
his theme—in the state of half-uncon-
scious submersion in feeling which at-
tends the creation of genius at its best.
"New Hampshire" is interesting and
brilliant. But one turns again to the
vivid and telling revelation of New
England life and character, and to the
exquisite lyrics, referable to no locale or
race, to be found elsewhere in the vol-
ume.

Remembered Yesterdays[1]

ONE looks to a book of memoirs such as this for interest in two directions: things experienced and persons known. Mr. Johnson's own work and his wide acquaintance with men and women of note have given him rich and ample material in both fields. For forty years an editor; a frequent contributor to current literature in prose and verse; a vigorous contender for sound legislation as to international copyright, forest conservation, and the establishing of National Parks—"spiritual lobbying" he entitles his really considerable services in behalf of reforms which now seem a matter of course but which were long bitterly opposed; and, finally, a diplomatic figure of importance when he served with credit as American Ambassador to Italy under President Wilson—these and other experiences have abounded in varied incidents and have put at his memory's command scores of anecdotes. To name the people Mr. Johnson here talks about and describes would be to make a long and tedious list. We select ten names only, and those of persons whom Mr. Johnson has known with such intimacy as to make his memories of them particularly entertaining; they are Dr. J. G. Holland, Richard Watson Gilder, General Grant, Frank Stockton, Mark Twain, Marion Crawford, Salvini, John Muir, John Hay, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge.

To most readers, certainly with those who have recollections of literary and publishing life in New York a generation ago, the most pleasing part of these memoirs is that telling of the days when Mr. Johnson was associated with Dr. Holland and Mr. Gilder in editing the earlier "Scribner's Magazine," which soon became the "Century," and of his own experiences later as editor-in-chief. There is a good deal of substance in Mr. Johnson's contention that "No history of the United States from a sociological point of view can be accurate or complete that does not take account of the part played in the development of the country after the war by this magazine and, later, by others which it stimulated." American magazines (including the "Century") have changed in character, aims, and methods since those days; but the achievement of the earlier editors of the "Century" in publishing its great Civil War series and the memoirs of General Grant, in planning and printing the wood engravings of Timothy Cole, in fighting for living conditions in the tenements, in such fiction as the "Saxe Holm" stories by Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson and "The Breadwinners" by John Hay, and in dealing with other large topics in a dignified way, are not forgotten. They were substantial journalistic triumphs in their own day. Dr. Holland, when the magazine was founded, declined to rule out politics and religion as controversial, saying: "On the contrary, I believe that the two subjects in which the people of this country are most interested are politics and religion, and I don't intend to cut the magazine off from the resources of popularity and influence which the treatment of these topics will bring, but without being partisan or dogmatic shall consider them as I would science or commerce or any other large interest of humanity." Of Dr. Holland's successor, Richard Watson Gilder, a delightful impression is given as a severe editor ("I do believe, Gilder," said Holland, "that you have an antipathy for any one who wants to write for this magazine"), but also as a tender-hearted friend of the poor and oppressed, so that it was truly said: "There is not a dweller in New York's tenement-houses but owes in part to Mr. Gilder the air he breathes, his quota of sun and sky, his protection from fire, his children's playgrounds, and his babies' lives."

That "golden age of magazine publishing" has passed. There were only four magazines of importance in the

[1] Remembered Yesterdays. By Robert Underwood Johnson. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $5.

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field; the competition of cheaper periodicals was only just beginning; the four "big fellows" were dignified and sedate and had standards, differing, to be sure, but all of a rather high kind; half-tones of photographs had not then half banished art drawings and character-illustration of a high grade; all the best serial fiction came out through the "big four." Doubtless the magazines of our new age have their own points of superiority, but old-timers may still look back with a pleasing recollection of pleasure enjoyed. Mr. Johnson was a part of this era, and in this book he has given many of us an agreeable hour in recalling old times.

The New Books

BIOGRAPHY

BOSWELL'S JOHNSON. Abridged and arranged by Archibald Marshall. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50.

Mr. Marshall has done a good literary service in selecting and combining from Boswell's vast repository (amusing, minutely photographic, and sometimes, therefore, tedious) those incidents and talks which best show us Dr. Johnson as he was, with all his faults and weaknesses and all his aptitude for retort and his humorous readiness for personal debate both in attack and defense.

DIPLOMATIC PORTRAITS. By W. P. Cresson. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $4.

The author was formerly connected with our diplomatic service. His book was suggested by the centenary of the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine, and that event, together with a comparison of world conditions then and now, forms the general subject. The period described suggests to him historic sketches of Talleyrand, Napoleon, John Quincy Adams, and other notable diplomats here and abroad.

FICTION

JIMMIE: THE STORY OF A BLACK BEAR CUB. By Ernest Harold Baynes. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

This is the record of a delightful friendship. Any one who reads this tale without longing for a black bear cub pet must be less than half human.

SHADOWY THIRD (THE). By Ellen Glasgow. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.

A volume of short stories relating to strange happenings that lie between the known realm of actuality and the u known land of life and spirit beyond o knowledge. The author says: "Aft all, it is the high moments that make life, and the flat ones that fill the years In pursuance of this idea, each story d scribes the most singular experience the life of the individual selected.

SPELL OF SIRIS (THE). By Muriel Hine. Do Mead & Co., New York. $2.

Siris cast its spell over the readers the author's former successful story "T Flight." It is not surprising that bo the author and the heroine of "T Flight" were lured back to the beautif island. Clodagh, released by the trag murder of her husband from bonds whi were more than irksome, looks back wi pleasure to the beautiful friendships s made on Siris. When she returns to t island, she finds many things alter Her experiences and adventures are to with admirable ease. The book is plea ing both in its character depiction a in its description.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK. An Histori Guide to the Metropolis. Edited by A. Ever Peterson, Ph.D. Published by the City H tory Club of New York. $1.50.

This book is an outgrowth of t "Historical Guide to the City of Ne York," which served its purpose well b is now succeeded by this more compa volume, better fitted for the pocket a brought down to date. Maps and illu trations make the book an appealing o to people who, traveling either by aut mobile or on foot, would like to lea something of the historical associatio of New York City. These are describ in a way that will make even the Ne Yorker himself, unappreciative as usually is of the near-by sights, wish see the rich field of investigation th is open to him.

Books Received

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

ENJOYMENT AND USE OF COLOR (THE). Walter Sargent. Charles Scribner's Sons, N York. $2.50.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

AFRICAN QUESTIONS AT THE PARIS PEAC CONFERENCE. By George Louis Beer. T Macmillan Company, New York. $6.

CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA (THE). By Walt Gaston Shotwell. 11 vols. Longmans, Gre & Co., New York. $10.

FRENCH REVOLUTION (THE). By Nesta Webster. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

BEACH GRASS. By Charles Wendell Townsen Illustrated. The Marshall Jones Compan Boston. $3.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

OUTLINE OF HUMOR (AN). By Carolyn Well G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

PERSONALITY IN THE MAKING. By Jose Herschel Coffin. Houghton Mifflin Compan Boston. $2.50.

TO WOMEN OF THE BUSINESS WORLD. E Edith Johnson. The J. B. Lippincott Co pany, Philadelphia. $2.

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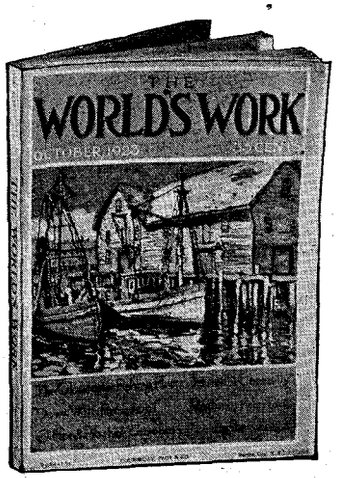

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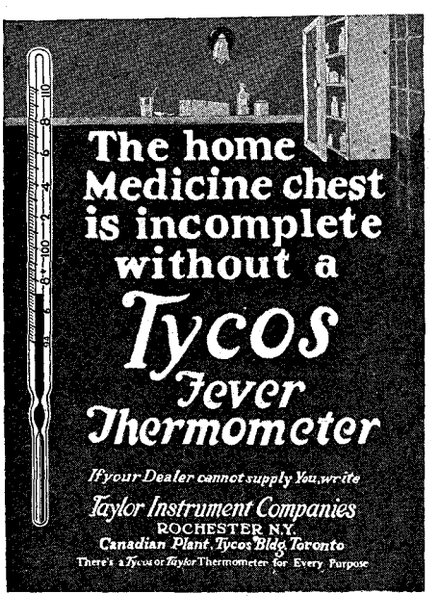
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Isn't life a rum deal?

I used to work breaking rock, ten hours a day, six days a week, in a broiling sun, for the noble sum of $9.

Well—I am unable to figure out these matters. Life is beyond me quite. I cannot understand it. Guess I must be simple-minded.

I had a letter from a fellow this morning who asked me this:

"Don't you wish you were down off the Horn, Bill? Your feet in a box of shavings because you haven't got a pair of sea boots, and two inches of snow frozen atop of the shavings?"

To be absolutely frank with you, I do.

We never had any money, and we never needed any down off Cape Horn. We ate hardtack in which were many maggots, and we sipped salt pea soup that made us too thirsty altogether. We had split palms on our hands, and we wore wet underclothes day and night for a month at a time. We saw big white sea birds staring at us perplexedly, and we stared back at them quite equally perplexed. We saw moons rise from black banks of stormy cloud, and saw bloody suns go down behind vermilion fringes in the westward. We saw sometimes old fragments of beaten long-lost ships drift by, and once four sailors dead, face upward, on a grim iceberg that drifted by our side.

What would you? You'd not expect a man to choose to sit in a warm room, beyond the window of which pink and white blossoms wave in a little noiseless breeze?

I smell beer, and shavings on a saloon floor, and the great open purifying sea, and I hear winds go by, and glasses clinking. I see the faces of men who lived and died in their hundreds unknown—brave men who, as the world sees it, knew nothing; who were evil fellows, given to debauchery and sin.

I see those same men at a ship's stiff ropes down off the Cape of Sailor's Sorrow. They stand, uncomplaining, icy water to their middles, their shoulders hunched as they all heave upon the ropes that drag huge whitish-yellow sails around. They are singing—a song that mingles strangely with the sea wind's song. The thunder of the sea roars by. The tempest bellows. The sky is ink above them, the sea is ink

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ide. Birds watch them, as though stified by these peculiar bipeds.
They served the world. They took the ps away, and brought them homing.
one ever knew them for what they re; scum of the seaports, made white the stern cleansing of hard duty done.
Those men, sailors of the square-gers, were paid for thirty days of such orious service $12 then.
Money seems a sacrilege to me, thus, day. It comes too easily.
One yearns for understanding. Per-ps it is best to be simple? I do not ow.

BILL ADAMS.

And Tennessee Has Milk for Humankind

HAVE just read in the October 31 issue of your magazine an article John A. Haeseler titled "From Cot- to Cattle." Many sections of the ton belt of the South are making id strides in development and are go- to the front in live stock, dairying, l diversified farming. The South to- y is the land of opportunity. The icle referred to tells what is being omplished in Montgomery County, bama, but I was amazed to find that author of the article in The Outlook ted as follows: "At any *hotel* or res-rant *in Montgomery delicious thick am can be secured at any time, a con-on unknown elsewhere in the South,* , though the South has been an agri-tural region for three centuries, cows e been practically neglected and com- milk is ordinarily expensive and icult to get."

As a Tennessean, I protest against h a libel on a large part of the South. u should know that each and every tion of Tennessee is in the South. u should know that Tennessee is a e producer of milk. You should ow that Tennessee has a National e for her highly bred and registered sey cattle, and that highly bred dairy tle of the best type are shipped from nessee to every State in the Union; t Tennessee supplies the dairy section the North with many dairy cattle. u should know that West Tennessee, a ton-growing section, produces a large ount of milk. The Outlook and its ter should know that not only do Ten-see hotels serve their guests with milk l cream, but that some hotels own ir own dairies and that some Tennes- hotels own dairy cows of the highest eding.

Now that your attention is called to matter would it not be proper for u to send your writer to Tennessee for good drink of milk and to see what

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Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

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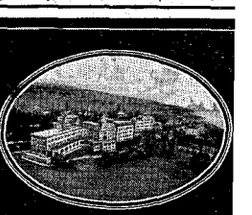

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The Mail Bag *(Continued)*

rovements and developments are ng place there? J. W. E. MOORE.
ownsville, Tennessee.

The Fairness of Frost

I

a matter about which there is so much bitter feeling as there is with Ku Klux Klan it may interest you now how Stanley Frost's recent arti- impresses your subscribers.

wish to express my great satisfaction a the impartial tone of the article and discriminating judgment shown in the s presented. I am not a member of order nor do I know any members, I have many acquaintances who feel urge toward some sort of organization t will give them a chance to express atisfaction with the officials who fail rly to support government.

What is the private individual to do ard enforcing prohibition? I have complaints of violation to county ers and to the Federal bureau. hing happens.

t is rather humiliating for a teacher stand before her class advocating re- ct for law, bringing to the attention pupils such articles as you published hile ago about the real success of pro- tion over the country as a whole, only see a grin on the faces of the boys. y apparently think that the poor ided teacher does not know what she alking about.

Won't somebody start a movement, -political, non-sectarian, non-fanati- which will pile up a great army of nest, courageous, and potent men and nen who show their colors and carry their patriotic convictions in action?

LULU G. BIRCH.

II

HAVE read with interest the first arti- cle in your magazine of November 7, Stanley Frost. I wish to congratu- him and you upon the manner in ch he has presented these facts. I k he has obtained the exact infor- tion as to the condition of Oklahoma. The State Government has been going m bad to worse until it seems neces- y to have Walton put on the finishing ches in order to arouse the people of State to the true condition.

The first impression on the people side of Oklahoma was made by our pended Governor's bombastic procla- tions, and it appears that he was en seriously and for a real Governor the outside public, and not for the son he really is. M. G. MEISTER.

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

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ROOMS TO RENT

ROOM, breakfast, guide. New York City. Can accommodate two ladies. References exchanged. College woman in pleasant part of city. 4,553, Outlook.

TWO women living alone desire to rent one or two rooms. Flushing. Address 4,548, Outlook.

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WANTED—Consecrated Christian woman, from 25 to 35, as visitor in New York church. Good health, personality, and willingness to be of service are all desirable. Service, 4,539, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

LADY to live with family and assist Episcopal clergyman's wife with light housework and care of two children. Address Box 202, Princeton, N. J.

GOVERNESS, instruction, and full charge eleven year old girl; instruction only five year old boy. Riggs, Lakeville, Conn.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

TRAINED nurse, companion, care of delicate or backward child, motherless children, supervision of home. Highest references given. Address 4,547, Outlook.

Business Situations

SUCCESSFUL minister, 35, desires connection with established business in, near New York, as executive, welfare director, or literary capacity. Best references. 4,540, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

SOUTHERN gentlewoman (Protestant) desires companionship with one or two motherless children. Capable supervising home. 4,538, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, capable companion or governess, desires situation; also capable assistant to antiquarian. European experience. Speaks French, Italian, German, and little English. 4,541, Outlook.

AMERICAN widow seeks position in motherless home of cultured family or companion to elderly lady. Highest credentials. 4,544, Outlook.

COMPANION-escort or secretary to retired gentleman or lady by college man, mature age, good health, good family, highest credentials, experienced traveler. Resident position. Salary open. 4,546, Outlook.

ENGLISHWOMAN with titled references would chaperon girl holidays, care children five to ten, or undertake entire care of apartment. 4,549, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TEACHING governess and companion for backward child. Experienced. 4,533, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED primary teacher desires position as resident teacher. Willing to assume entire care. Understands training of nervous children. References. 4,536, Outlook.

FORMER college professor wishes to get tutoring in mathematics. 4,535, Outlook.

GOVERNESS—French lady, experienced and educated, wishes position to assume care of motherless children; will supervise household. References. 4,537, Outlook.

RADCLIFFE B.A., experienced teacher, going South for winter, would accompany young girl or older person. References exchanged. Address Miss Kimball, 152 East Washington Lane, Philadelphia.

MATHEMATICS, expert tutoring in high school and first year college subjects. Experience in public and private schools, and in preparation for college entrance board examinations. References. 4,552, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

BOYS wanted. 500 boys wanted to sell The Outlook each week. No investment necessary. Write for selling plan, Carrier Department, The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Hattie Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

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By the Way

A DICKENS collector calls the "Christmas Carol" "the greatest little book in the world," and tells in the "Atlantic Monthly" about the numerous editions of the "Carol" he has in a corner of his library. "I always keep a few 'spares' on hand for emergencies," he said to a friend. "What would you call an emergency?" the friend asked. "Well, if I were to meet a man at Christmas-time who had not read the book," was the answer, "I should consider that an emergency requiring immediate action." "Would you go so far as to give him a copy?" "No; but I'd lend him one and not expect to get it back; it comes to the same thing."

The "Carol" was given to the world eighty years ago, and it still remains, it is said, a "best seller."

"Our Dumb Animals" prints this wail from a man who objects to some of the work of the humane societies:

> Are the women, who are in the majority of the humane societies, going to wear the pants of the nation and tell us what we can and can't do?

The Nineteenth Amendment of the Constitution pretty effectually disposes of the people who object to the women "telling us what we can and can't do." And they don't have to wear "pants" to do it. They have only to go to the polls in their ordinary garb.

"The record for bad English is still held by a man who was not long ago a Governor of one of our large States," says William Lyon Phelps in "Scribner's." "He performed the unusual feat of making three grammatical errors in a sentence composed of two words. *Them's them!*"

The Governor spoken of above may have been joking. But it is no joke when our domestic despot says, in answer to a question as to some household necessity, with ungrammatical consistency almost equaling that of the foregoing quotation, *"They ain't none."*

The three-wheeled automobile is growing in popularity in Europe, according to an article in the "Scientific American." There are to-day in Europe, it says, seven manufacturers of the three-wheeler. This machine is not to be mistaken for the side-car, from which it differs in having a roomy body like an ordinary automobile, the difference being that one wheel at the rear supplies the tractive power. "The three-wheeler," the article quoted says, "in competition with the motor-cycle combination and four-wheelers, has won twenty-three gold m and fifteen silver medals in meets." holds an economy record of 67.1 per gallon, also a speed record of miles an hour.

From "Harper's Magazine:"

A couple of old Yankees were dis ing the doings of a certain youth.

"Do you think," asked Uncle "that the money young Silas made in New York will last him long?"

"You bet it won't!" exclaimed other old fellow. "He's goin' at an a pace, I'm told. I was down in the eral store the other night and y Silas was reported to me to be wr hundred-dollar checks and lighting cigars with them."

At the recent Convention of American College of Surgeons at cago Dr. Fred H. Albee, of New Y an authority on reconstructional sur in telling about machine-driven sur instruments, said, as reported in a paper:

> One of the best points about a matic machine-driven surgical tool that they reduce the shock of op tion, because of the speed. This n be exemplified by the fact tha man when shot with a steel-jacke swiftly moving bullet, often does realize he is shot until the blood be to flow. But when a man is shot w a slowly moving, soft-nosed bullet, is knocked down, so violent is shock.
>
> The same thing applies in operati when mallet and chisel are used. Th the shock is vastly greater than wh the cutting instruments work swi and surely, cutting the bones to a t size. Holes are cut to the right and dowels of living bone are mad fit exactly.

From the "Hamilton Royal Gabo

Girl—"What's your opinion of t women who imitate men?"

Boy—"They're idiots."

"Then the imitation is successful.

Many thousands of valuable dogs appear every year in London, an lish dog fancier says. One of the fa ite methods used by the dog thief enticing away his prey is to smear a l aniseed on the bottom of his trousers another device is for the thief to car piece of "peppered" liver in his po In either case the fragrant odor att the dog as the thief saunters by, and animal follows around a convenient ner and is whisked up and is prob half a mile away before the o realizes his loss.

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